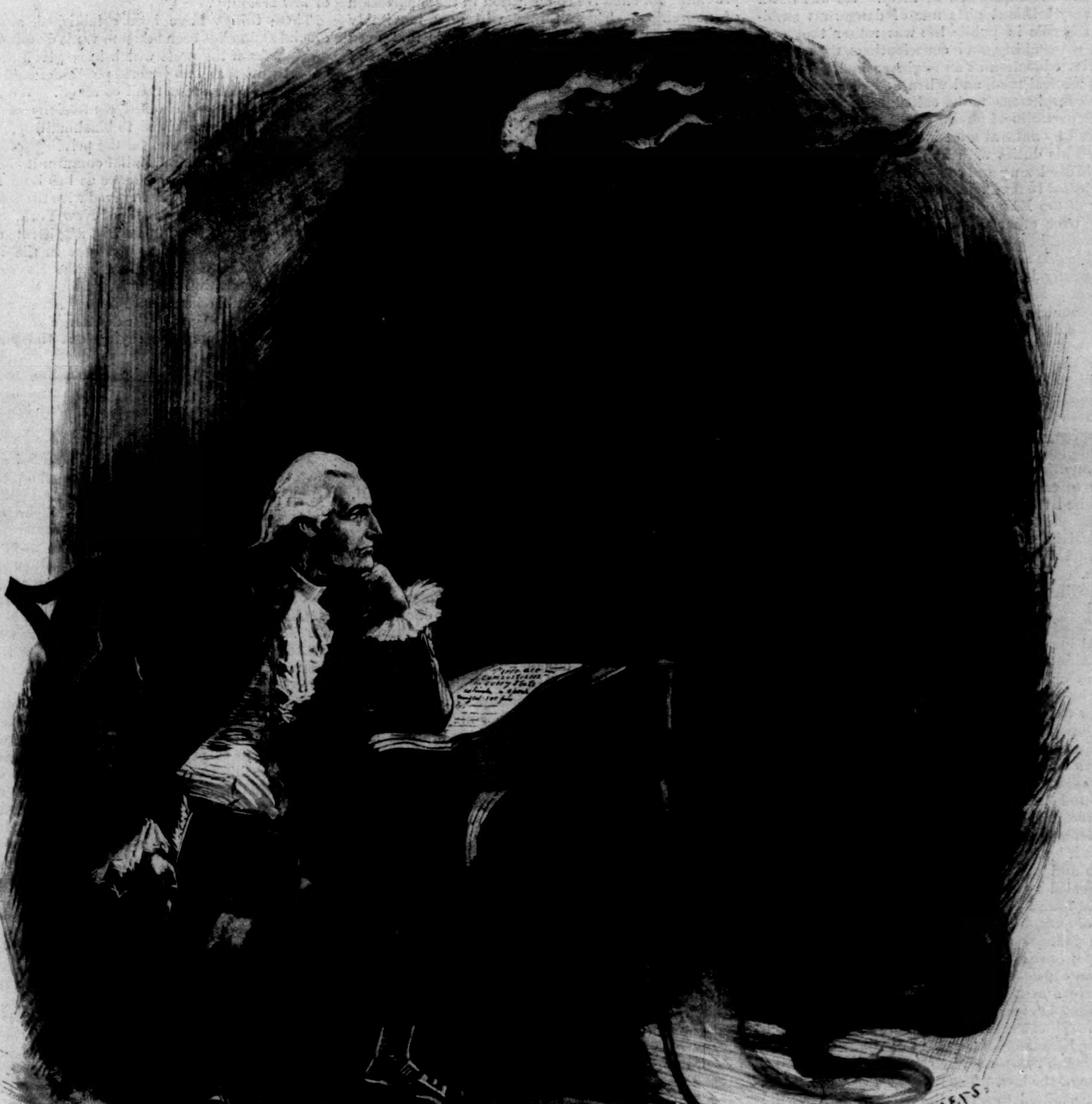
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXVIII.—NO. 1959.
Copyright, 1894, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1894

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



A WARNING FROM THE PAST.

"THERE ARE COMBUSTIBLES IN EVERY STATE which a spark might set fire to . . . . We ought not, therefore, to sleep nor to slumber. Vigilance in watching and vigor in acting is become, in my opinion, indispensably necessary."—*Extract from a Letter of George Washington to General Henry Knox, December 26, 1786.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(Twenty-four Pages.)

PUBLISHED

New York City, July 7, 1894.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

THE TRAGEDY IN FRANCE.

THE news of the assassination of Sadi Carnot, the President of the French Republic, came like a thunder-clap from a clear sky. The question was on everybody's lips, what in the world could have induced a reasonable being to take his life. Kind-hearted, just, gentle, modest, and of affable manners, he was certainly not the man to call forth violent personal resentments. Nor was his public career such as to breed bitter political enmities. Although firm in maintaining his convictions, he never became offensive in the expression of them. He was not a man of very brilliant gifts nor of dangerous ambitions. His rôle in public life was rather that of a capable, painstaking, and conscientious man of affairs. His education as an engineer had given his mind a practical turn, and when he had become sufficiently conspicuous to be called into the government, the portfolio of public works and then that of finance fell by natural selection into his hands. He performed his duties with ability and with eminent courage in disclosing and correcting abuses. In 1887 he was elected to the Presidency by an overwhelming majority of the Electoral Assembly of Senators and Deputies over other candidates far more brilliant than himself, because he was considered the most unobjectionable and the safest man. His conduct as President fully justified the confidence of those who elected him. He bore himself with eminent dignity, discretion, and good judgment. His influence was constantly felt as that of a moderator. The cause of orderly freedom in France and of peace in Europe owed much to the equipoise of his personality. The manner in which he informed himself of the condition of the people, and manifested his intelligent and active interest in the general well-being on his frequent journeys through the country, steadily increased his popularity among all classes of citizens. In a few months his Presidential term of seven years would have expired, and it is more than probable that, had he lived and declared himself willing to remain at his post, he would have been re-elected with general acclaim. The blamelessness of his character and conduct will stand as a shining example to his successors.

It is needless to say that his assassin belongs to that kind of people who cannot be classed among reasonable beings. He is a young anarchist, with all the bestial impulses which that name implies. The anarchist thinks it necessary—if we may suppose him to think at all—from time to time to kill somebody for what he pretends to consider the good of humanity. How that killing is to promote that good it is not the business of the anarchist to inquire. He drops a dynamite bomb in a theatre, or a church, or a café, or a legislative hall; and a number of persons whom he did not know are put to death or maimed for life; and then he pretends to feel that he has done a heroic act for the salvation of mankind from some undefined evil. This he calls the "propaganda of the deed." And when the man who has dropped the bomb and killed and maimed a number of people is arrested by the police, and tried for a capital crime, and found guilty, and executed in the regular process of law, his brother-anarchists call this an inhuman judicial murder which must be avenged. And they do avenge it by dropping more bombs and killing more people, or by sneaking up to the chief of the government and assassinating him, upon the ground that he permitted the bomb-throwers to be executed. Thus President Carnot was assassinated, it appears, because he had failed to save, by his pardon, the bomb-throwers Vaillant and Henry from the course of the law. The theory that the anarchist must be permitted to serve the good of mankind by throwing bombs and killing people, but that the government must not be permitted to serve the good of mankind by trying and punishing the bomb-thrower for murder, is hardly less insane than the expectation entertained by the anarchists that if they only throw enough bombs and assassinate enough public officers, by way of revenge, they will put human society into such a state of fear that it will presently let the anarchists do as they please with impunity, and even permit them to rule us all. These crazy savages do not see that if they really succeed in putting society into a state of genuine terror they will at the same time drive it to the extreme of self-help—that is to say, to a state of mind in which society will set aside the ordinary course of law, and resort to the exertion of irregular force to the end of ridding itself of the anarchists as a class, either by a suspension of the legal process and the employment of the "state of siege," or in the manner of the citizens of San Francisco, who rid themselves of the murderers and gamblers by means of the Vigilance Committee in the old "Argonaut" days.

Such a development would be by no means desirable, because it would probably result in the violent death of many who are anarchists not by "deed," but only by sympathy and talk, and because any interruption of the regular and formal course of justice is always to be deplored and deprecated. But as soon as society becomes convinced that this evil cannot be reached by ordinary remedies, it will fall back upon extraordinary ones. And hardly anything could have been more apt to prepare society for such a state of mind, and to expose the anarchists, and all those who associate with them, to the danger of being hunted like wild beasts whose lives are outlawed, than the assassination by an anarchist of such a man as President Carnot. The anarchists will have reason for congratulating themselves on their good luck if it results in nothing worse for them than an increased activity of the police and international agreements between various governments providing for effective co-operation in the suppression of anarchism. These things will now inevitably come, and it is by no means improbable that even Great Britain, within whose boundaries the right of asylum has so far been maintained with the utmost liberality, will adapt her policy in that respect to the requirements of the situation.

A secondary consequence of this sad event will be a reaction in European countries against all movements in favor of more liberal political institutions. It will be long felt as a powerful impulse in the direction of preventive and repressive measures and policies. Anarchism will prove itself to be the most dangerous enemy to free government. It is very fortunate that the republic has had time to establish itself so firmly in the habits and the ways of thinking of the French people that even a catastrophe as startling as this will not call forth a general desire for a sweeping change. It is a curious fact that the form of government which the monarchists were in the habit of denouncing as the most liable to violent overturnings has proved by far the most stable in France during this century. The reign of Napoleon I., including the Consulate and the Empire, beginning with the century, lasted about fourteen years; the restored Bourbon monarchy, under Louis XVIII. and Charles X., fifteen; the Orleans monarchy, under Louis Philippe, eighteen; the Second Empire, under Napoleon III., after a brief republican spell, eighteen; and now the present Republic will soon complete its twenty-fourth year, being, as the returns of elections show, supported by a constantly growing strength of popular sentiment. The Bourbon and the Orleans monarchies are practically forgotten. Only old men in France faintly remember them. The Napoleonic Empire perished in the disgrace of Sedan. There is nothing seductive in the reminiscence. Nothing is to be feared from such quarters. There are only two dangers that may seriously threaten the Republic. One is a foreign war, which may evolve a military dictatorship with all its subsequent possibilities; and the other may spring from too great indulgence to anarchism and kindred lawless tendencies. It is not probable that the French will be light-minded enough to bring on the first under existing circumstances. And as to the second, the assassination of President Carnot is so awful a warning that it can hardly pass over without making a deep impression upon all thinking men, and without leading to appropriate measures for the protection of civilized society. Of this the election to the Presidency of Casimir-Perier, a man of great ability and proved force of character, gives decided promise.

GILROY AND THE LEXOW INVESTIGATION.

THE attitude of Mayor Gilroy towards inculpated officials is only less astonishing than the failure of the people and press of the city to appreciate its significance. He is the chief magistrate of the metropolis of the country. Here, if anywhere in the United States, are gathered not only the wealth and enterprise, but the luxury, the comforts, the culture which are the results of enterprise and the chief objects that wealth can purchase. Here, if anywhere, not only should law and order rule, but there should be found among the citizens a civic virtue, or at least a selfish regard for their rights, which would make the press, the tax-payers, and the mass of good citizens keenly sensitive to the revelations that are being made before the Lexow committee, and firmly insistent on the punishment of the officials who have betrayed their trust.

Quite the contrary of this is true. The state of the case is substantially this: It has been proved that the police force is thoroughly corrupt; that crime flourishes on purchased immunity; that the police authorities themselves constitute part of the criminal classes; that robbery, gambling, swindling, violations of the excise law, defiance of city ordinances and of the rights of the people to their own sidewalks, and degrading vice, are encouraged by the police because they are the accomplices of the criminals and share in the booty. It is proved that the property and lives of the people of New York are reasonably safe from violent assault only because the heads of the police are the partners of the criminals, and restrain them within certain bounds of prudence in order that their joint business may not be ruined by exposure. It is also proved that the business is so lucrative that police commissioners have grown rich by it, and that places and appointments on the force are sold for money, an appointment as patrolman costing about $300, while a promotion to a captaincy costs from $10,000 to $15,000. These figures show how profitable crime in New York has been made by this union between the active criminals who do the actual work, and the police who are hired to see that they are not punished so long as they do not cause too much of a disturbance, and thereby arouse a popular outcry, which is likely to prove dangerous both to the police authorities and to the criminal political organization which puts them in office and fattens with them on the proceeds of law-breaking.

These things have been established, and yet no official action has been taken towards dismissing these officials from the posts which have given them their opportunities, and no general public demand has been made that such action shall be taken. We pass over for the time the shameful confessions of business men who have submitted to blackmailing, and have paid bribes to policemen for the privilege of violating city ordinances. In no similar community in Europe, however, would such evidence as has been taken by the Lexow committee be received with the apathy that is manifested by the people of New York, and in no such community would the chief magistrate dream of permitting the accused to continue in the discharge of their official duties. Even if the Mayor belongs to the organization which is built up on crime and flourishes on blackmail, and despite his consciousness that the blackmailers in the discharge of their nefarious tasks are simply carrying out the purpose of their appointments, ordinary prudence would seem to demand that he should take some action, and should seem to realize that the executive head of the city owes a duty to the city, and ought at least to pretend to protect law-abiding people rather than law-breakers.

The Mayor appoints the Police Commissioners, and may remove them, with the approval of the Governor, after giving them an opportunity to answer the charges against them. The Mayor certainly ought to call McClave to account under this law. His own testimony shows that he is unfit to be a commissioner, and the demonstrated general demoralization of the police force shows the result that is produced by commissioners like McClave. McClave ought to have been put on his trial by the Mayor as soon as he testified; but while Mr. Gilroy has expressed horror and astonishment at the revelations that have been made before the Lexow committee, he has done nothing that looks like an intention to rid the city of corrupt officials. So far as he is concerned, it is probably presumed by the police that the "envelope gang" and the "ward man" are to be permitted to ply their calling without let or hinderance. By ignoring the evidence against McClave, and by refraining from even addressing a word of remonstrance to the Police Commissioners, who are appointees of the Mayor, he shows his sympathy with the accused, and encourages them to expect nothing serious as the results of the Lexow investigation. Of the same character is the Mayor's treatment of Civil Justice Roesch. The evidence before the committee made out a *prima facie* case against that "popular" and chowder-giving politician, and the law authorizes any citizen to prefer charges against a Civil Justice to the Supreme Court, and the Supreme Court has power to remove him at any general term for corruption and malfeasance in office. There is certainly cause to bring Roesch to trial, and the Mayor, as the first official citizen of New York, should make the charge.

It is a disgrace to New York that any of the accused officials are now discharging the duties of their positions. It is a reflection on New York's citizens that they do not seem to suspect that the spectacle of Divver and Roesch on the bench, of McClave, Martin, and Sheehan sitting in judgment on Captain Price, and commanding the police, and of blackmailing captains still in uniform, is a sad commentary on their own virtue and patriotism, and on their capacity for self-government. Gilroy does not promptly do his duty because he is a product of the system that has made all this official crime possible, and would not be Mayor but for that. But the people of New York have their duty also, and notwithstanding the evident dulling of their sensibilities, and the pessimism which years of submission to Tammany has wrought, it is to be hoped that they will do it.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUSE.

The Senate tariff bill is as different from the Wilson bill as protectionists have been able to make it. Coal and iron ore have been struck from the free list and restored to the dutiable list, in violation of the Democratic promise to give the country free raw material. Free wool remains, but the rates on woollen cloths have been so greatly increased that the promise of cheaper clothes cannot be kept if the woollen schedule remains as it is. The cost of manufacturing is further maintained at a high figure by increased duties on chemicals. The iron and steel schedule remains prohibitory. Finally, the sugar duties have been dictated by the trust through such flagrant and corrupt influence and pressure that the whole bill is tainted. If it is passed with this iniquity in it, the party that is responsible for it cannot escape the odium which must follow the revelations of the officers of the trust before the investigating committee.

In addition to the retrogressive amendments to the tariff features of the Wilson bill, the income tax provision, somewhat amended, remains in the bill. Under this provision the recipient of an annual salary of $4000, who may be young and unmarried, escapes taxation; the widow and her orphans who have an income of $4100 pays a tax; one whose income of $4000 is derived from the rents of inherited real estate escapes; one whose earnings invested in the stock or bonds of a corporation return him the same income pays. The man whose income is derived from speculation has opportunities to escape; he whose income is in the form of a salary from a corporation cannot escape. A copartnership with a capital of $1,000,000 need not betray the secrets of its business to the government; a corporation with the same capital must reveal every dollar of its receipts and expenditures. These are a few illustrations of the injustices and inequalities of this proposed tax.

It is the duty of the House of Representatives to radically amend or defeat this bill. It is better that McKinleyism should remain on the statute-book, and that the agitation for real reform should continue, than that a Congress pledged to tariff reform should give the country a bill in many respects no better, and in some respects worse, than the McKinley law. The conferees of the House should represent the convictions of the House. By a majority of 123 the House voted for free sugar. It is impossible now to compel the abandonment by the Senate of all duties on sugar. Some of the most earnest revenue-reformers, like Senators Mills and Jones, believe that there ought to be a revenue duty on raw sugars, with a compensatory duty on refined sugars that would merely cover the tax paid by the refiners on their material. Such a duty would not only provide the government with all the revenues needed, but would make the income tax unnecessary. This would be especially true if the Senate rates on woollens and iron and steel products were reduced to a revenue basis.

These suggestions indicate what the House conferees, and the House itself, ought to seek to accomplish. The sugar schedule has been inserted in the bill simply because certain Senators have been in collusion with the sugar trust, and have made the composition of the bill turn on a matter of bargain and sale. A large majority of the Democratic members of both Houses were, and are, opposed to this surrender to the trust, which not only taints with corruption the bill as a whole, but will, if it finally succeeds, raise the price of one of the most necessary articles of life. The real friends of revenue reform assented to this surrender because they were convinced that no bill could be passed unless the demands of the sugar trust were complied with.

But circumstances have changed. It has been shown that the sugar trust maintains relations with both political parties by means of campaign contributions which are essentially corrupt. The country believes that money has been made by reason of this close relation by men having early information of the future action of Senate committees. It believes that the proposed protection for the trust was purchased—literally purchased—either by favors to individual Senators or to the Democratic party. Before these revelations were made, and before this conviction became established in the public mind, the Senators who insisted on protection for the sugar, or no tariff bill, might have withstood their party associates and the administration, and might have insisted on wrecking both without especial injury to themselves.

But will they dare to withstand the whole country? Quite a different question is presented now that Havemeyer, Searles, and Vest have testified, while Gorman, though testifying, has failed to explain the reason for his earnestness in behalf of the refiners and their agents. If Gorman, Hill, Brice, Smith, and the two Louisiana Senators who formed the committee that waited on Senators Vest, Mills, and Jones with a sugar ultimatum insist that the trust shall be taken care of at all hazards, there is no intelligent man in the country who will not believe that all the accusations that have been made against them are true. This is the reason why the House can probably succeed in compelling the Senate to recede from its sugar schedule and from some other concessions it has made to protected interests and trusts. It is incredible that the six Senators who have stood in the way of tariff reform in aid of sugar-refiners would have the courage to insist on protection for the trust or the wrecking of the bill against the protests of the whole country. And the House will have the support of the country if it insists on a real reform that shall put the tariff question at rest for a time long enough to permit a recovery from the present business depression. At all events, its duty is clear. It ought to stand by its convictions, and either drive the Senate to yield to proper amendments or defeat the bill.

THE BOYCOTT OF THE PULLMAN COMPANY.

The Pullman Palace Car Company has long boasted not only of the best-equipped and most-efficient shops on this continent, but also of the most-contented body of skilled workmen in the world. The town of Pullman, near Chicago, has been everywhere described and praised as the model home of the artisan, founded upon the great idea that the interests of employer and employed are one, and administered by its owners with such generous regard for the welfare and the wishes of the resident laborers as vindicates their far-sighted wisdom by making strikes and serious disturbances among its men impossible. Yet on May 11th of this year three thousand of these working-men suddenly refused to do their work; the shops were closed; and bitter hostility has taken the place of the exceptionally friendly relations so long preserved between them and the company. The families not only of the strikers, but of many others whose opportunity to earn a living is destroyed by the strike, are in great want, meagrely supported by charity.

After six weeks of idleness it was clear that the company would not yield to the dictation of labor unions, and that the men must soon starve or return to work at the wages offered. Under these circumstances the American Railway Union, an association of workingmen employed upon the railroads of the country, most of its members on roads running out of Chicago, determined to interfere. On June 22d a committee of the body waited on officers of the Pullman company to demand a "settlement" which should satisfy the workmen, and threatened that if this were not promised within a few hours the union would proclaim a "boycott" of the cars and business of the Pullman company throughout the country, to take effect at noon of June 26th. The Pullman company could not confer with railroad men with whom they had no business relations on the conduct of its works, and the threat of the union was carried out with little delay. Before night of June 28th every signal-man, switchman, brakeman, fireman, and yardman belonging to the American Railway Union was ordered not to handle, move, or in any way assist in running any Pullman car or any train containing such a car. Most of the railroads ending in Chicago run Pullman sleepers and chair-cars by contract with the Pullman company. Fifteen of these roads were suddenly thrown into confusion, and all of the through passenger traffic on three or four of them was stopped. The railway union has called for aid in its boycott upon all the large associations of workingmen, and some of these have promised co-operation. The Knights of Labor, it is reported, will be asked by their "General Master Workman," Mr. Sovereign, to enforce the boycott everywhere, while the great Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is expected to follow.

It is not easy for a community trained in the spirit of obedience to law and of respect for the rights of its members to understand the principles on which the American Railway Union is acting. The union has been informed by certain men, who formerly worked for the Pullman company, but have left its service, that they want to return to its work at higher wages than it is willing to pay. The union at once sends a committee to order the Pullman company to open its shops, now closed for want of orders, and to employ these men at wages satisfactory to themselves, under the threat that otherwise the union will embarrass and confound the transportation business of thirty millions of people, and inflict inestimable inconvenience and loss upon the whole travelling community. Like the union itself, several of the large organizations formed "to improve the condition of labor" are really controlled by a few reckless demagogues, who meet in secret and deliberate whether or not they shall join in this conspiracy to extort terms from a particular company for a set of men who want its wages, by injuring the nation. The argument in favor of the boycott, in plain words, is this: "The labor organizations are able to make life intolerable in the United States. Let them show their power, and public opinion will require all employers of labor to submit to their dictation."

It is not necessary to discuss such a position. The power to do harm belongs to every man. The more complicated our social organization becomes, the greater is the opportunity for a small number of people to throw it into disorder. In the simplest of savage communities any man may become an assassin. But it is only in a complex system of society, in which the interchange of services is constant and essential, that a very few men, engaged in some one minor but indispensable employment, can, by sudden desertion of their post, bring annoyance or even disaster to multitudes. But the common-sense of mankind recognizes the use of this power to do harm, as a means of extorting by threats advantages or profits of any kind, as the basest of crimes. The brigand who demands ransom for his prisoner, with mutilation or death as the alternative; the police captain who sells for money his power to arrest the dealers in vice and crime; the news-monger who gathers scandal in order that he may be paid for suppressing it—these are the types of blackmailers whom all the world loathes. The boycott ordered by the railway union is morally no better than any of these acts. It is an attempt at blackmail on the largest scale. It undertakes by duress to compel the community to interfere in a business of which it has no knowledge and in which it has no rights; to interfere not to enforce its convictions of right, but to relieve itself from distress by disregarding all considerations of justice and duty. If the attempt could succeed, all hope for such an adjustment of the relations of labor and capital as will be consistent with social order must be abandoned. A community which can be terrorized by such a conspiracy as this into enforcing its decrees against the owners of industries is already far on the road towards anarchy.

But whether this reckless and impudent assault upon the very basis of society shall be checked at once or shall lead to widespread disorder before its inevitable failure, it is yet an important indication of the general unrest of working-men. The laborers engaged in productive industry are the strength of the nation, and upon their integrity, patriotism, and efficiency depend its wealth, its progress, and even its safety. Many recent events have shown that discontent is increasing among them, and that ever greater numbers are beginning to despair of obtaining what they regard as justice to labor under present social conditions. The hard times which have prevailed of late have done much to stimulate vague desires for radical change. Self-styled reformers, apostles of various forms of socialism, all classes of theorists with positive remedies to propose, and even the advocates of anarchy, find their opportunity here. Large bodies of working-men, most of them individually industrious and law-abiding citizens, are led by demagogues step by step into declarations and acts the character and tendency of which, if they understood them clearly, they would utterly condemn. In resisting and suppressing such a blackmailing conspiracy as the boycott of the Pullman cars by the American Railway Union the nation is fighting for its own existence just as truly as in suppressing the great rebellion. But the work which the occasion shows to be necessary is not done when the power of the conspiracy is broken. It remains to bring into harmony with the order of society, and with all the conditions of our industrial progress, the minds and hearts of the citizens who have been misled into this wild movement, and those of their many sympathizers throughout the land. Such rebellions against social order and the principles of civilization will grow more dangerous, unless the intelligence of the country shall come to understand their causes and find a way to remove them.

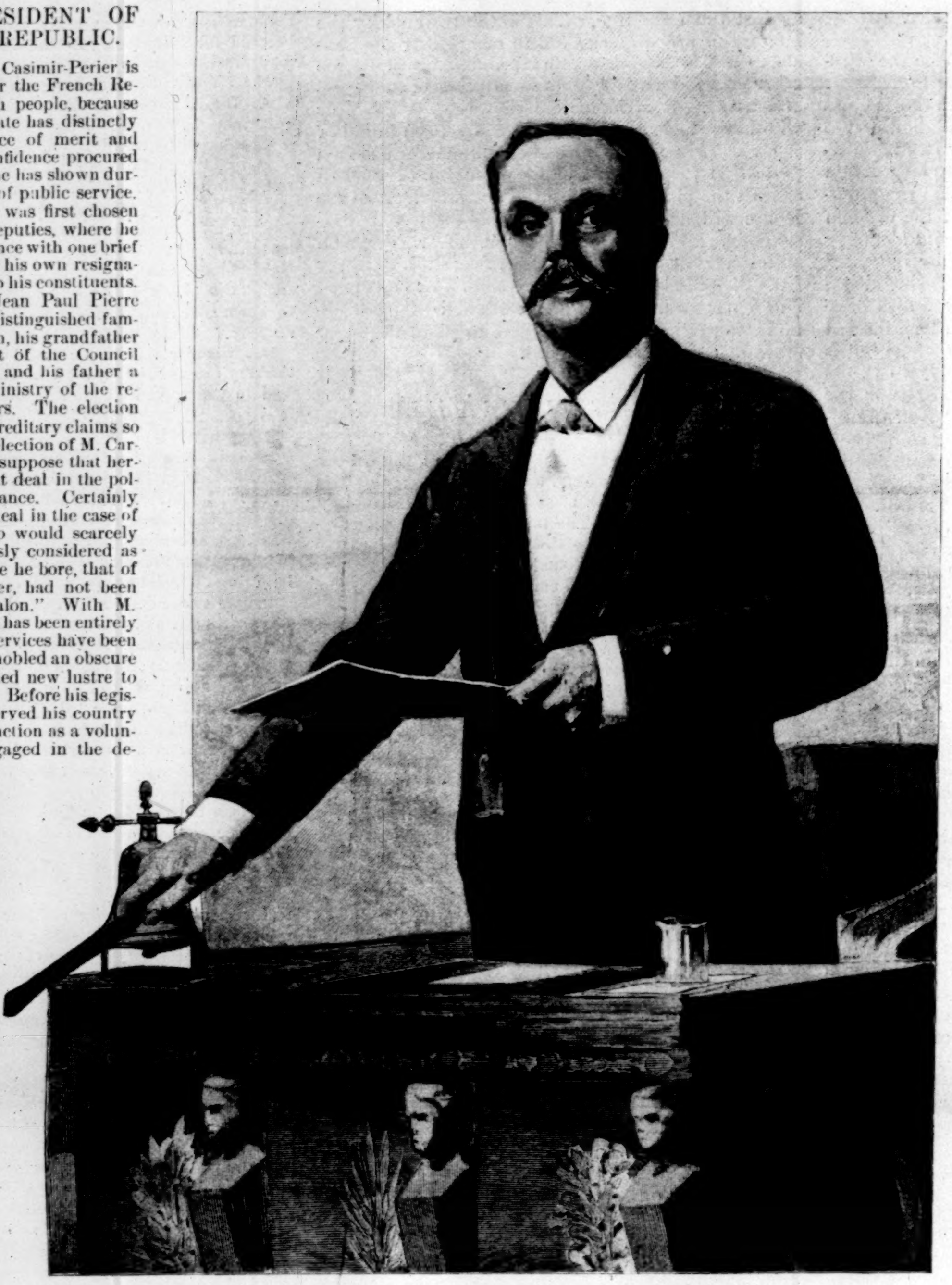
THE PROPER "FOURTH."

It is rather odd that the Fourth of July should have become such a day of terror, as it undoubtedly is, to the adult inhabitants of American cities. Indeed, the mediæval description of the "day of wrath" is very fairly applicable. It is the day when the world seems to be dissolved in pitchy smoke. The coming of the national holiday is the signal for those that are upon the house-tops, for protection or refuge from the early heat, to flee into the mountains.

There is no reason why this should be so, or at least no other reason than that which makes the adult American to put up with so many abuses from which he might easily free himself if he would only make a stand for his rights. There are still places in the United States, though for the most part they are, in point of population, entitled to be ranked only as villages, in which the celebration is really attractive to right-minded persons even of ripe years. There is still to be seen the procession, and there is still to be heard on the village green or in the public square the reading of the Declaration of Independence, and the oration by the leading lawyer of the place, and there are still to be bought lemonade and gingerbread, as well as fire-crackers. It is true that even in these places the owners of spirited steeds leave them in the stable all day, or drive them forth early in the morning to sylvan solitudes, to return only, with many misgivings, late at night, and after the destructive fury of the day has spent itself. This is as much as to say that the small boy pervades villages as well as cities. But it is only in cities that the day is given over to him to work his will upon it and to enjoy himself in his own way. We all know what that way is.

When left to himself the small boy's notion undoubtedly is that the greatest enjoyment is to be had by the production of the greatest amount of noise. In carrying out this ideal he is controlled only by the amount of money he has on hand and by the police. The police, indeed, enforce such restrictions as seem necessary to prevent general conflagrations, though they do not always effect even this modest purpose. But in respect to noise they act, or do not act, as if every particular small boy had "squared" the captain of the precinct, and had an irregular permit to make as much noise as he liked. On the other 364 days the small boy is trained and brought into some sort of subjection, and it is inculcated upon him that to be noisy is to be vulgar, and that to annoy one's neighbors is indecent. But upon the Fourth of July our rigor relents; we pardon everything to the spirit of liberty; we even encourage the small boy to make a noisy nuisance of himself. It would be a great gain to the rising and the unrisen generations if we could lead the small boy to believe that there are better ways than day-long detonations in which to celebrate the Fourth of July, and that beautiful and attractive things are as eligible for purposes of celebration as things that annoy and disgust the neighbors and that frighten adults to flight. It is true that the refinement of the American small boy is a tedious and thankless process; but at the same time it would be good for him, and an inestimable blessing to his seniors, if it were gently but firmly explained to him that his methods of celebration are obsolete and barbarous.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.



JEAN PAUL PIERRE CASIMIR-PERIER.

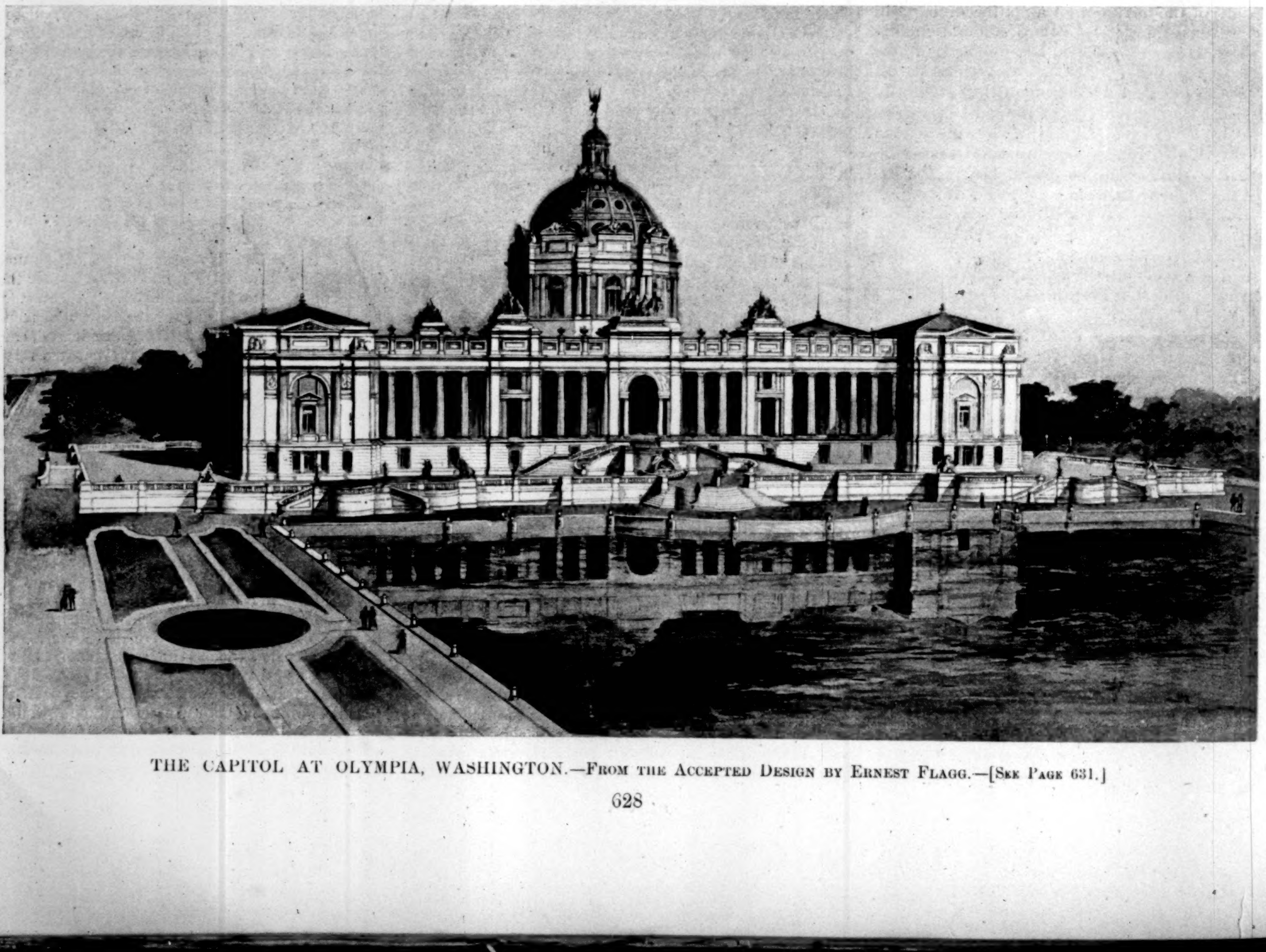
The election of M. Casimir-Perier is of excellent augury for the French Republic and the French people, because the new chief magistrate has distinctly won his place by force of merit and through the public confidence procured by the character that he has shown during just twenty years of public service. It was in 1874 that he was first chosen to the Chamber of Deputies, where he has sat continuously since with one brief interval, occasioned by his own resignation and fresh appeal to his constituents.

Born in 1847, M. Jean Paul Pierre Casimir-Perier is of a distinguished family of French statesmen, his grandfather having been President of the Council under Louis Philippe, and his father a member of the first ministry of the republic under M. Thiers. The election of a candidate with hereditary claims so strong, following the election of M. Carnot, might lead one to suppose that heredity counts for a great deal in the politics of republican France. Certainly it counted for a great deal in the case of the late President, who would scarcely have been very seriously considered as a candidate if the name he bore, that of the great War Minister, had not been available as a "gonfalon." With M. Casimir-Perier the case has been entirely different. His public services have been such as would have ennobled an obscure name, and as have added new lustre to one already illustrious. Before his legislative service he had served his country bravely and with distinction as a volunteer soldier, being engaged in the defence of Paris, and bearing himself with such conspicuous gallantry as to win the Cross of the Legion of Honor. While he was yet a new member of the Chamber, and in the reconstruction following the fall of the Broglie ministry, he became an Under-Secretary of State in the Department of Public Instruction; so that administrative work is not new to him. He continued to do his duty with diligence, and to maintain his position as a moderate Republican, and in 1881 he joined the Republican Union. In 1883 he became an Under-Secretary of State in the War Department, and in 1890 was chosen the President of the Chamber of Deputies. Though he had during these years become known as a man of character and of dignity, he became a commanding figure only with the speech that he made upon the Panama business, which is the most serious political scandal that has affected the republic. This was in 1892, after the death of Baron de Reinach and the fall of the Loubet cabinet, when one public man after another had been smirched by the disclosures, and it seemed doubtful whether enough unsmirched men could be assembled to form a ministry that would command public confidence in its integrity. It was at this crisis that the Deputy for Nogent-sur-Seine made a speech which showed that he, at least, had nothing to conceal in his own behalf or that of his friends, a speech which at once changed his position from that of a working member to that of a political leader. It is true that his large fortune put him out of the reach of the temptations to which so many legislators had succumbed, but it did him no harm with the solid and moderate people, the *bourgeoisie*, who had by that time come to believe that a needy politician was not to be trusted. The *bourgeoisie* undoubtedly constitute the strength of the republic, and from that day to this M. Casimir-Perier has been their representative and spokesman. After M. Brisson, the President called upon him to form a ministry to succeed that of Loubet, but he was unable to accomplish the task upon the lines he had laid down for himself, and it was M. Ribot who finally succeeded in making up a cabinet that was for the time acceptable to the Chamber. M. Casimir-Perier's growing importance was acknowledged by his election to the Presidency of the Chamber of Deputies, and at last, only last December, by the summons to form a new ministry.

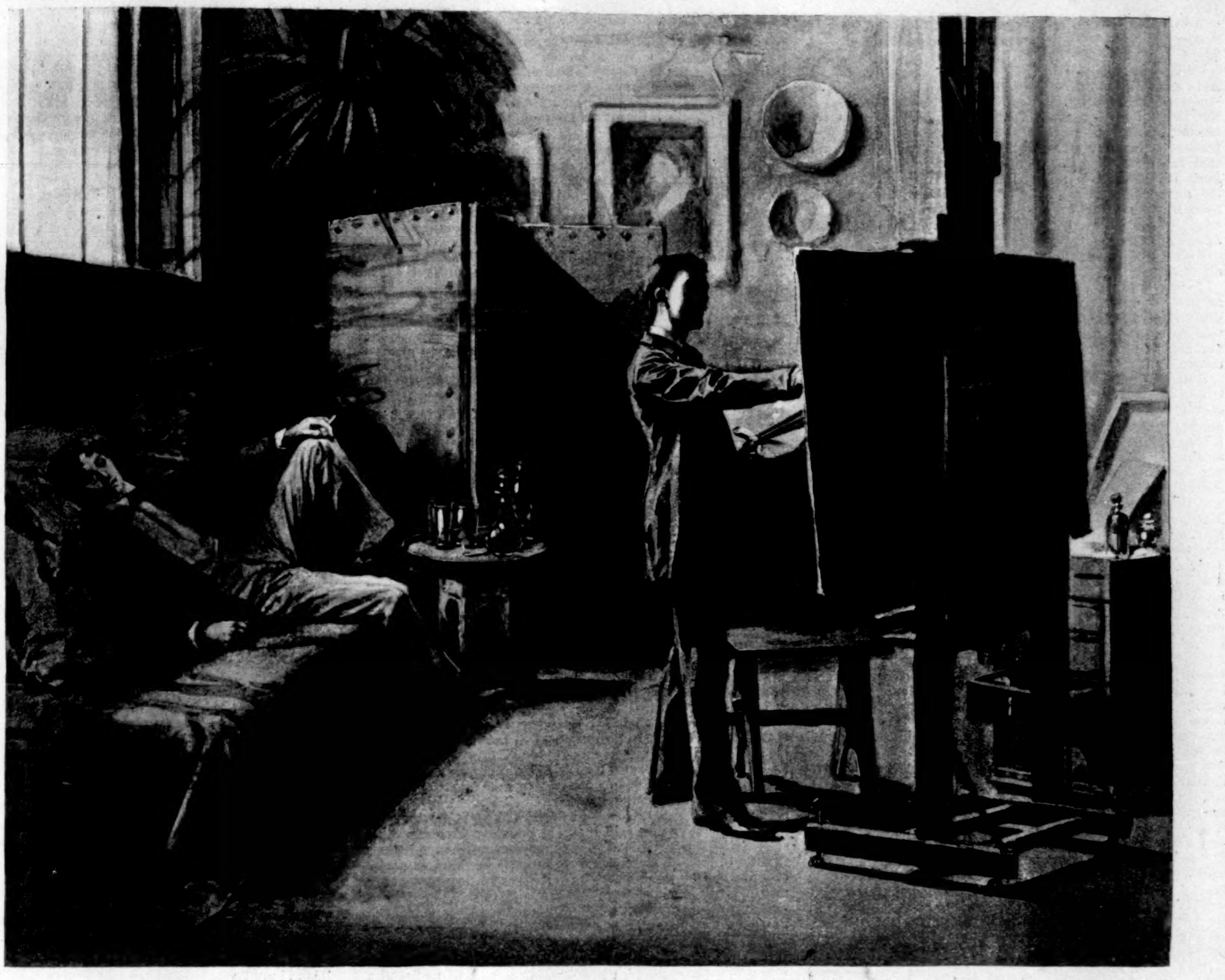
In his declaration of principles on taking office he set forth that France was equally averse to "reaction and socialism," and this of course arrayed against him the socialists, whose increasing number in the Chamber had made them, in the estimation of most politicians, a power not only to be reckoned with but to be catered to. Nevertheless, his ministry lasted from the beginning of December till the end of May, which is rather a long life as recent French ministries have gone, and it then died, it may be said, by suicide. As it was commonly expressed, the Prime Minister was "riding for a fall." He was beaten because he would yield nothing to the socialists, but made a direct issue with them, in which they had the assistance of all the enemies of the constitutional republic. When he resigned his premiership to resume the Presidency of the Chamber, the general judgment was that he was stronger as a candidate for the Presidency than if he had remained Premier.

The circumstances of President Carnot's untimely and tragical death made M. Casimir-Perier almost a political necessity. It was essential that socialism should be suppressed, and that a conspicuous opponent of socialism should be chosen. This accounts for the almost unanimous choice of M. Casimir-Perier by the Republican Senators, a choice which was virtually decisive. It accounts also for the riotous behavior of the socialist Deputies at the conference in the Chamber; they had no chance of beating the candidate of the moderate Republicans. That candidate was chosen on the first ballot, and the opposition was "scattering."

France is very much to be congratulated, not only for so signal a victory as the election proved to be over the enemies of her peace, but for having as her chief magistrate a brave, high-minded, and patriotic man.



THE CAPITOL AT OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON.—From the Accepted Design by Ernest Flagg.—[See Page 631.]



THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PICTURE-MAKERS.

"FUNNY I've never been to see your place—I must look you up one day." Thus said Herbert at uncertain intervals, but he never carried out his threat. His life was too full, and he had been accustomed from childhood to have the mountain come to Mohammed. And so, gradually, Matt, who had at first lived half-apprehensive of an exposure, half-wishful that Herbert should become rudely aware of his real position, surrendered himself to the magnetism of his cousin's manner, and weakly tried to live up to that young gentleman's misconception of him whenever they were together; even submitting to a morning suit and an evening dress from Herbert's tailor for an undefined sum at an unmentioned date. For if the disadvantages of Herbert's society were many, if he had to starve for days to return Herbert's club hospitality at a restaurant, still he was satisfied the game was worth the candle. From Herbert he felt himself acquiring polish and refinement, and impeccable English and social lore; Herbert was his intellectual stimulus, with thoughts to give away and books to lend; Herbert was bright and gay, charming away the vapors of youthful despondency. But, above all, Herbert sometimes allowed him to work in his studio—a privilege inestimable, but worth at least all the extra money this friendship cost him. It befell thus:

On Matt's second visit, Herbert said, good-naturedly: "I've just laid my palette. You sit down. Let's see what you can do."

"May I?" cried Matt, eagerly. There was a costume-model on the throne, a dark-eyed beauty in Oriental drapery.

Herbert relinquished the brush and threw himself upon his back on the couch, puffing lazily at his cigarette.

"By Jove!" he said, after ten minutes. "You've put that in all right. But what a juicy style you've got! Where did you get that from?"

"I can't do it any other way," said Matt, apologetically.

"The governor told me you're under Tarmigan. He never taught you that?"

"No; but that's the way I've always worked. I did a lot of portraits in Nova Scotia."

"The devil you did! No wonder you've made money, confound you! I thought you were a blooming ignoramus just come over to learn your pictorial pothooks and hangers."

"I thought so too," said Matt, flushing with pleasure and modesty.

"None of your sarcasm, you beggar. You can finish the head if you like."

"Thank you," said Matt, flutteringly. He felt as if Herbert were heaping coals of fire upon his own head, repaying his first secret depreciation by over-generous praise. He painted away bravely, soon forgetting everything but the joyous travail of execution.

"I must come down to your place and see your work," said Herbert, looking up from the volume of Swinburne in which he had immersed himself.

"Oh, there isn't much!" said Matt, hastily. "I'll bring you some little things next time. Only I don't want your father to see them—they're not for sale."

"You're right," said Herbert. "Don't show 'em to him. Hush!"

"What's the matter?" asked Matt, turning his head.

"Talk of the—Old Gentleman," said Herbert.

The brush dropped from the painter's palsied fingers. He felt like one caught red-handed. He had already come in, somewhat surreptitiously, through the side door, in obedience to Herbert's recommendation, and to be found using Herbert's appliances and model would be the acme of guiltiness.

The alarm was false, but thenceforwards "the Old Gentleman" indicated Matthew Strang the elder. For they had frequent occasion to fear his advent, since Matt came often, tempted from his gloomy back room to the beautiful light studio, where he was allowed not only to do bits of Herbert's work while Herbert read or gossiped with the model, but occasionally to set up another easel and use the same model. But they were only detected together twice by the Vandyck beard and the velvet coat, and on one occasion Herbert had had time to resume the brush, and on another to pose Matt as a model.

"The Old Gentleman's rather grumpy about you," he admitted, with his customary candor. "I've had to tell the servant not to mention your coming so often. The mater's mashed on you, and I suppose he's a bit jealous. She wanted to ask you to our dinner party last night—we had two Associates, and a Scotch Academician, and an American millionaire who buys any rot, and an art-critic who praises it—but he said one didn't give dinner parties for one's relations, but for strangers."

As Matt had already dined once *en famille*, with madam's guileless homage at his side to put him at ease, he did not feel himself hardly used. It was enough for him to come up half-secretly and catch Herbert at work on the studies for his picture of "Daniel before Nebuchadnezzar," and to talk about it, and now and then to do a bit of painting on his own account. When, through his interest in his coming masterpiece, he fell into the habit of dropping in every morning, lunch somehow came up regularly for three, though madam was not supposed to be aware of his presence. Those were joyous lunches, full of laughter and levity, made picturesque by the romantic dress or undress of the third party, and extra palatable for Matt (when his first reluctance wore off) by the fact that they saved dinners.

"Daniel before Nebuchadnezzar" was intended for next year's Academy, Herbert told him, and he gathered from his cousin's casual observations that it had also to be submitted beforehand to the professors at the schools, for there were strange cramping conditions as to the size of the canvas and the principal figure. But he was less interested in its destination than in its draughtsmanship. He saw the tableau in his mind's eye the moment Herbert told him he was engaged upon it, for the scene had often figured itself to his fancy in those far-off days when his mother read the Bible to her helpless children by random prickings. Nebuchadnezzar's dream was one of the lucky chapters to which Matt listened without distraction as the narrative unrolled itself pictorially before his inner vision. He rapidly sketched his conception, then found he disliked it, and ultimately remembered he had unconsciously reproduced the grouping of figures in the illustration in his mother's Bible, one of those he had colored in his childish naughtiness. Herbert protested this was no drawback, but Matt went away brooding over a more artistic arrangement, and dreamt that he was mangled by lions in a den. But in the morning he brought a new grouping for Herbert's consideration. This Herbert picked to pieces as being against the canons.

"Don't forget it's for the Academy," he said. "We mustn't make mistakes in grammar."

Matt had to admit ruefully that his scheme was full of solecisms. He had by this time as full an acquaintance with the rules as his senior, but with Herbert they had become instinctive. It was with a renewed sense of inferiority to his cousin, paradoxically combined with an inward raging against the Lindley Murrays of art, that Matt abandoned point after point under Herbert's searching criticism. Herbert's gift of pulling other people's ideas to pieces amounted to genius. He abandoned his original sketch also, dismissed his projected models, and devoted himself to arguing out the composition afresh.

Under the banter of the art-critic smoking cynically on the sofa, Matt was put upon his mettle to group all the figures and concentrate the lines so as to escape the pitfalls lurking on every side, and likewise satisfy the conditions of the pedantic professors.

"We must get as much subject as possible into it," explained Herbert. "They give you such a small space—only fifty by forty—that you must crowd all you know into it."

Gradually the composition took shape, with infinite discussion, daily renewed. Matt was for pillars with curious effects of architecture. Herbert objected that pillars would make the perspective too difficult, and only consented on the laughing stipulation that Matt should work out the angles. And Herbert was very averse from Matt's suggestions of strange original attitudes for the figures.

"That 'll make some awfully stiff foreshortening," he grumbled.

"What does it matter? You'll have models," Matt would reply.

---

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY, No. 1950.

“It's all very well. You haven't got to do the work,” Herbert would retort.

And when the grouping was settled, the color and the drapery brought fresh argumentation, the young men working as at a chess problem till the puzzle of arriving at the original without deserting the Academic was solved. And as in the solution of a chess problem by a pair of heads, the suggestion of the winning moves has been so obscured by the indefinite suggestion of abortive moves by both, that neither remembers to which the final discovery of the right track was due, so Matt would have been surprised to be told that the ideas that had been retained were all his, and the ideas that had been rejected were all Herbert's. Indeed, the technical interest of the task had absorbed every other thought, and the details of the tentative were lost in the triumph of the achieved, and obscured as by a cigarette cloud of happy mornings.

And then Herbert told his father he must have new models fresh to studios.

“I don't want 'em from Haverstock Hill or Lillie Road,” he said—“women who've been hung in every gallery. I don't want your Italians from Hatton Garden, or anybody that any of the other fellows might get hold of and extract my ideas from. Besides, new faces will give me a better chance.”

And Matthew Strang the elder recognized there was some reason in his son's request, but he pointed out it was not so easy to go outside the stock families, especially for figure models, and that old hands often helped the painter. But Herbert easily overrode his objections, and Matthew Strang, morbidly solicitous, obediently brought picturesque Orientals for Daniel and the King and the satraps and the counsellors, and blushing brunettes for the beauties of the court, and Herbert set to work to reproduce in large on the canvas Matt's rough charcoal scheme, and when Herbert blundered, Matt suggested with pastel a change of tone or color or outline, sometimes even taking up the brush when Herbert was lazy, as Herbert often was. Matt was never surprised to find the work no more advanced than when he had gone away the day before, for Herbert's mind was on many and more important things. The Academy students were rehearsing a burlesque which he had written for their dramatic society, and he sometimes slipped out to the rehearsals, lamenting to Matt that through his father's insistence on steady work he could not even play in his own piece. Sometimes he went to tea with the girl students at restaurants. Sometimes he went to balls, and was too tired on the day after to do anything but describe them. They were always painters' dances; “the Old Gentleman blocks others,” he said; on one occasion the host was an R.A. whose son was a fellow-student at the schools, and then “the Old Gentleman chortled.”

Then there was the students' ball, to which he convoyed Matt, who was quite dazzled by the elegance and refinement of the ladies, and almost afraid to speak to his partners, and torn afresh with envy of the beautiful life from which he had been, and must long be, shut out; not losing his discomfort till after supper, when Herbert's special circle danced the lancers with a zest and *entrain* that horrified some of the matrons, and brought back to Matt the dear old nights when he took the barn-floor with little Ruth Hailey, under the placid gaze of the cows and amid the odors of the stable and the hay-mow.

For other memorable experiences, too, Matt was indebted to his easy-going cousin. There was Herbert's club, the Bohemian, a cozy little place favored by actors and journalists, caricatures of whose sensuous faces lined the walls in company with oil-paintings and pastels more sensuous still. Matt felt measureless reverence for the men he brushed against here. He had seen some of them before in the illustrated papers which he read in shop windows or penny newsrooms, and he trembled lest they should detect from his embarrassment, amid the varied knives and forks and glasses, that he was only a boor with less education than the waiters. He wondered what the clever, cultured people—scraps of whose conversation floated across to him amid the popping of soda-water corks—would think if they knew he had planted potatoes, chopped logs, made sugar in the woods, and climbed masts and steeples, and he was glad that even Herbert knew little of his history and asked less. Of other people's histories, on the other hand, Matt heard a great deal. “Bubbles” had robbed him of his belief in royal virtue; in the smoking-room of the Bohemians, society fell to pieces like a house of cards, in building which the knaves alone had been used. It was a racing, dicing, drinking, swindling, fornicating fraternity, worm-eaten with hypocrisy. Sincerity or simplicity was spoof; there was always money or a woman or position in the background.

“They talk a lot of scandal,” Matt once complained.

“My dear Matt,” remonstrated Herbert, “it's not scandal; it's gossip.”

Despite the scandal (or the gossip) Matt was full of curiosity to see this strange new life of clubs and restaurants and theatres (to which Herbert sometimes got paper admissions), this feverish realm of intellect and gayety where nobody seemed to want for anything; but it sometimes came over him with an odd flash of surprise and bitterness, as he caught the gleam of white scented shoulders, or saw heavy-jowled satyrs swilling champagne, that all this settled luxury had been going on while he was tramping the snowy roads of what might have been another planet.

The feeling wore off as the London season advanced, and the tide of luxurious life rolled along the great sunny thoroughfares, or flecked the midnight streets with darting points of fire.

Before the Academy sending-in day Matt had the privilege of being escorted by his uncle, in company with Herbert, to a conversazione at the Reynolds Club, of which the dealer was a member. Herbert was soon lost in the crush of second-rate painters and engravers and obscurely famous visitors who gathered round the members' would-be Academy pictures that lined the walls, or the second-rate entertainers who struck attitudes on the dais; but Matt was too nervous amid this congestion of celebrities to detach himself from his uncle, who did the honors grandly, pointing out the lions of the club with a proprietorial air. Matt could not but feel that his uncle (who was of the swallow-tailed minority) was himself one of the lions of the club, of which he was, perhaps, the most distinguished-looking member. “The refreshments are not gratis,” he told Matt, “but of course you can have anything you like at my expense. Will you have a cup of coffee, or are you one of those degenerate young men who can't live without whiskey-and-water?” But Matt had no appetite for anything; he was too fluttered by this close contact with the brush.

They ultimately found Herbert in the billiard-room, with a cue in one hand and a “brandy-and-soda” in the other. “I don't want to look at the pictures,” he protested. “If they're decent I'll see them in the Academy, and if they're not, it's waste of time seeing them at all. As for the entertainment, you can get a better at any music-hall—at least, so I've been told.” Nevertheless, he himself took Matt to another conversazione the same week, the far more homely gathering of the St. George's Sketching Club, where the refreshments *were* gratis and evening dress was taboo, and really famous people scrambled for the bread and cheese and beer, of which there was not enough, and members disported themselves in their models' costumes for the edification of a company which had turned its backs on their pictures. For the Academy itself Matt paid his shilling, into such extravagant habits had he slipped since the days of his arrival in London, when a National Gallery catalogue was beyond his far fatter purse. But he came away much less inspired than from that momentous visit, his imagination untouched, save once or twice. There were so many portraits of uninteresting people that he was reminded drearily of his Nova-Scotian drudgery, when his heaven-scaling spirit had to stoop to portray and please some tedious farmer who was sometimes not even picturesque.

Tarmigan had a picture of “The Rape of the Sabines.” It was hung on the line, and Grainger's was very proud of it. In the discussion on the Academy (which supplied the class with the materials for a fortnight's carping) it was the only picture that escaped even “Bubbles's” depreciation, though he declared he would never himself paint like that, which the curly-headed wag eagerly admitted. One of the students had secured a place in the “skies.”

Grainger's own contribution had been rejected; a fact which made his pupils think more highly of themselves.

Matt was more interested in the Azure Art Gallery, a little exhibition held by some young men about whom Herbert was enthusiastic; for they did not attempt, said he, to vie either with the camera or the *conte*. “If painting be an art at all,” he contended, “it can only be so by virtue of ignoring Nature. As Goethe said, we call art Art, because it is not Nature. The musician works up notes, the poet syllables into a music unlike anything in Nature, and so must the painter work up Nature's colors and forms under the sole guidance of his artistic instinct. And whatever can be better expressed in words has no place in painting. These young men's pictures tell no stories, and no truths either. They are merely concerned with color and line.”

Matt afterwards found that these young men by no means accepted Herbert's account of their aims, indeed, they rather regarded it as satirical, for to give truer impressions of Nature was precisely their boast and glory. Although Matt could not credit them with success in this, for their lights seemed to him as unreal and their perspectives as untrue and their technique as tricky as the admiring Herbert claimed, still he found a note of life and fantasy in their work. He was especially struck by Cornpepper's “Chimney on Fire in Fitzroy Street”—a flight of sparks falling and curving in a golden rain in vivid contrast with the dark starlit sky above, and the black mass of spectators below, faintly illumined by the street lamps, and broken at its extreme end by the brassy gleam of the fire-engine tearing up the street. There were inaccuracies of detail, but Matt was impressed by the originality of the subject and the touch of weirdness, and it was with joy that he accepted Herbert's offer to take him to the Azure Art Club, where Cornpepper and his clique mostly forgathered. Since Herbert had misinterpreted them to his cousin, Matt had read a good deal about them in the papers, and they had held forth brilliantly to interviewers on the veracity of their rendering of Nature, Cornpepper going so far as to claim that you could not look at his landscapes without feeling what o'clock it was; whereupon the interviewer had consulted a study of poppies on a cliff, and reported that it was half past eleven, Cornpepper crying “correct”; all of which had interested Matt exceedingly, and shaken his faith in his own ideals.

Herbert was not a member of the Azure Art Club; they had to call on a man in Kensington to get him to take them there. Rapper was his name, and Herbert had invited him to invite them to dinner.

“He's an awful duffer,” he said, enviously; “but he has a flat of his own, and an income of his own, and he's had the run of Copenhagen, Paris, and Antwerp. They say Copenhagen is worse than Paris.”

Rapper, a moon-faced man, with double eye-glasses on a silver cord, made them stay to admire his rooms. “Don't look at my pictures,” he said; “that's only a portrait I'm doing of Riggs, the bucket-shop keeper. I'm an awful duffer; why I should get so many commissions at a hundred and fifty guineas when there's lots of geniuses starving I never can make out. I suppose it's because I don't want the money. I shall only blue it at Monte Carlo. I've only just come back from the country—a J. P., an awful screw. He made me do him and his wife for two fifty. Do try some of this Burgundy; it's genuine. I import it direct from a small grower. I get a huge barrel for five pounds, and pay three pounds duty, and get hundreds of bottles out of it. People don't know how to get wine in England. Oh, do please look at that Limoges enamel over the mantel-piece, Mr. Strang; it's far better worth looking at than that daub of a library.”

“I always prefer to look at pictures,” said Matt, apologetically.

“It *is* rather a strong bit of color,” admitted Rapper.

“Yes. Do you think the light is accounted for?” asked Matt. “That red glow—?”

“Don't you see the library lamp?” rejoined Rapper.

“Yes, but the shade's off; and even then, isn't it more like firelight?”

“Not a bit of it,” replied Rapper, hotly. “Do you suppose I didn't study the effects with a lighted lamp? That's a good bit of action in the old scholar's arm, reaching for the book.”

Matt examined it carefully. “The forearm is a little out of drawing, isn't it—a little too long?” he asked, timidly.

“My dear fellow, the model had an unusually long forearm. You don't suppose everybody is alike. That's a little bust of myself; it's only plaster of Paris bronzed over. I model ever so much better than I paint, but nobody will give me a commission. Isn't it funny? Do have some more of the Burgundy. I'm not much of an artist, but I flatter myself I do know a good wine.”

“I say, I can't go about with you if you go on like this,” whispered Herbert to Matt, as Rapper lingered to extinguish the electric light and lock his door. “Fancy telling a chap his faults. You mustn't go by me and my Daniel. I rather like to be pitched into. It keeps a fellow from getting conceited.”

“I am very sorry,” Matt murmured, with a new admiration for Herbert, who had already become a hero to him, moving so brilliantly amid all these shining circles.

The three men got into a hansom, and smoked Rapper's cigars. At the little club, which was only ten minutes off, they dined in a long narrow drab-painted room with a billiard table near the door. Several men whose work Matt had studied with interest were dining in their vicinity. Matt strained his ears to catch their conversation, but it seemed to be all about the billiard table, an apparently recent acquisition. At last, to his joy, he was introduced to some of the most famous—to Buller, tall, dark, muscular, and frock-coated to Curtis, most erratic of etchers, slim, youthful, and old-faced, habited in tweeds; to Greme, more barefacedly boyish than even Herbert; and—oh! awful joy—to the great Cornpepper, the most brilliant and the youngest of them all, a squat juvenile figure with a supercilious eye-glass in the right eye, a beaklike nose, and a habit of rasping the middle of his chair with his hands like an owl on a perch. Matt was dying to talk to them, and especially to Cornpepper, of their art, as to men who had already done something in the world through which they moved burdened with aspirations and haloed with dreams. But the talk would not veer round to painting, and the evening was entirely devoted to a general game of shell-out with halfpenny points. Matt was drawn into taking a cue, and lost one and threepence halfpenny in the first game, his inexperience being aggravated by Herbert's whispered caution not to cut the cloth. However, his skilled eye and hand, practised with gun and brush, soon told, and he won it back in the second, much to his relief, for his funds were running away at an appalling rate. The strenuous leaders of the newest art movement relaxed over the green table, highly hilarious as the white ball ran among the red balls like a sheep-dog, driving them into the pockets, and stamping and contorting themselves in mock applause after a failure to score.

“That's a fluke!” Herbert would say, when the failure was his, and the jest became a catchword provocative of perpetual cachinnation.

There were so many hands in the game that Matt had plenty of time for occasional remarks between his turns, but nobody would speak of art except a venerable graybeard named Brinkside, who talked to him enthusiastically of the Azure Art campaign.

“Funny to find an old man in a new movement,” he observed to Herbert in their homeward hansom.

“Why not? Old men often creep in. It's their last chance. But if it's Brinkside you're thinking of he's not an artist at all. He's an artists' color-man, who supplied 'em with their materials on tick in the days when Cornpepper lived on dates, before he made his hit at the Institute, and when Greme slept in a stable loft, and did pen-and-ink sketches for *The Christian Home*. Brinkside's like a dressmaker I used to know at Brighton, who financed lovely woman till she married wealthy flats. He foresaw they would get on, and, by Jove, they *are* going ahead like a house on fire, or, perhaps I ought to say, like a chimney on fire.”

“Then the opposition to the Academy is flourishing?” cried Matt, joyfully. He had a vague youthful sympathy with all that was fresh and young, and it was strengthened and made concrete by this revelation of struggle and starvation in the lives of those that had preceded him, martyred for the faith that was in them.

“Yes,” said Herbert; “so much so that in ten years' time most of 'em will be Academicians or Associates. If I were the governor I'd buy 'em up now, but he's got no insight.”

“Oh!” said Matt, disappointed. “Do you mean the Academy will win after all?”

“Six of one and half a dozen of t'other. They'll be half accepted and half toned down. Already Greme and Curtis are married—and that's the beginning of the end. Lucky beggars! Supplied with enthusiasm in their youth, and comfort in their old age. I wish I was young myself.”

“What nonsense!”

“I never was young,” said Herbert, shaking his head. “I always saw through everything. Heigho! Give us a light from your cigar. I've sighed mine out.”

“I suppose they're very grateful to Brinkside,” said Matt, when the fire of Herbert's cigar was rekindled.

“They play billiards with him, but I don't suppose they've squared up yet.”

“But they're making money now,” urged Matt, horrified.

“And then? Why be rash? One can't foresee the future. Talking of money, I'm devilish hard up myself for a day or two—bills to meet at once, and my allowance don't come due for a few days. You couldn't advance me a trifle, I suppose?”

“Of course I could,” said Matt, eagerly.

“Do you think you could let me have a pony?”

“A pony?” repeated Matt, mystified.

“Twenty-five pounds. Don't do it if it will at all inconvenience you.”

Matt was glad that it was too dark for Herbert to read his face. The sum was by far the greater portion of his worldly possessions. But he did not hesitate. Herbert would refund it in a day or two.

“I will bring it to the studio to-morrow,” he said.

“That's a good chap,” said Herbert. “By-the-way, we've got to go to Cornpepper's studio next Sunday week.”

“Really?” cried Matt, in delighted excitement.

“Yes; he told me he didn't like to ask you direct because you looked so serious and strait-laced.”

“Oh!” protested Matt, with a vague sense of insult.

“Well, you do, there's no denying it. Remember how you preached to me about the governor the first time you saw me. Perhaps you'll go lecturing Cornpepper because he economizes by domesticating his model when he has a big picture on the easel. Personally I like Cornpepper; he's the only fellow who has the courage of his want of principles in this whitewashed sepulchre of a country. But be careful that you don't talk to him as you did to Rapper, for he lives up to his name. He is awfully peppery when you tread on his corns, though he has no objection to stamping on yours. Not that I believe there's any real malice in him, but they say his master at the Beaux-Arts was a very quarrelsome fellow, and my opinion is that he models himself on him, and thinks that to quarrel with everybody is to be a great artist.”

“Oh, but don't you think he *will* be a great artist?” said Matt.

“He *is* a great artist, but he won't be,” said Herbert. “He'll be an R.A. By Jove! we nearly ran over that guardsman. Mary Ann has been standing him too many drinks. Do you know the price of a guardsman, Matt?”

“The price?”

“Yes; a nurse-maid who wishes to be seen walking out with a swagger soldier has to give him a crown and his beer.”

Herbert never lost an opportunity of showing off to Matt his knowledge of the inner working of the great social machine. Madam, passing her white hand lovingly over her boy's hair, had no idea of the serpentine wisdom garnered in the brain beneath.

At the Marble Arch Matt got out of the hansom to exchange to a bus which passed near his street. He offered to pay his share of the hansom, but Herbert waved the silver aside with princely magnificence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

"Y," SAID Ben, "is the Fourth of July?"
"Of course," said Tom; "just so I find it.
The Fourth of *July* is the long-tailed Y,
And J U L come right behind it."

As a literal statement, corroborative of another, Tom was right. In answer to a question in which the initial word would—contrary to custom—be more pronounced, so to speak, the Fourth of July became the day we celebrate because in 1776 it was on that day our Declaration of Independence was adopted, although it was not signed by the members of Congress till many days later. So slowly did news travel from point to point a century and a quarter ago that the army in New York was not apprised of the adoption of the Declaration by Congress in Philadelphia until five days had elapsed.

The first Fourth of July that receives historic notice after the adoption of the Declaration was that of 1778. On that day the Tory John Butler, with a party of loyalists and Indians, raided the beautiful Wyoming Valley in Pennsylvania while most of the men were absent on duty with the army. The women and children, the aged and the infirm, had taken refuge in the wooden fort; but under promise of protection they surrendered, and were butchered, as were also a large number who had remained at their homes in the valley. This massacre, one of the most brutal in the world's annals, forms the subject of Campbell's poem, "Gertrude of Wyoming."

On the Fourth of July, 1808, died Fisher Ames, a member of the first Congress under the Constitution. He was distinguished for his delicate wit and his power as an orator. A few months before his death he was elected president of Harvard College, but declined the position on account of failing health.

Eighteen years later occurred on the same day one of the most remarkable coincidences recorded in history—the almost simultaneous death of two illustrious statesmen, both of whom had been members of the committee to prepare the Declaration of Independence, both ardent advocates and signers of that instrument, and both subsequently Presidents of the United States—John Adams the second, and Thomas Jefferson the third, holding that exalted position.

The Fourth of July, 1814, might have been, but for a most trivial accident, a day of sorrow for the republic, not yet half a century old. The second war with Great Britain was in progress. The day before the Fourth was intensely hot. General Winfield Scott's brigade had driven the British forces under Rivall from early in the morning till late in the afternoon, and both armies had halted to rest in the neighborhood of Chippewa, the Americans on the west bank of Street's Creek, the British occupying the other side. Soon after camp had been made, a Canadian peasant brought a note to General Scott. It was from the wife of a member of the Canadian Parliament, then at Quebec, and contained the request that a sentinel should be posted on the bridge to protect her house from stragglers from the American camp. By General Scott's orders the sentinel was placed, and early on the morning of the Fourth the lady sent another note, thanking the General for his courtesy, and extending to him and his staff a cordial invitation to take breakfast with her. Calling two of his aids (one of whom became the celebrated General Worth, whose monument stands at the intersection of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-fifth Street, New York), the general crossed the bridge with his two companions, and in a few minutes reached the lady's mansion. The visitors were met at the door by their hostess, who gave them a hearty welcome, and at once ushered them into the dining-room, where a tempting display of choice viands awaited them. Before the gentlemen had begun to break their fast, one of them, Lieutenant Watts, left the table to get his handkerchief, which he had left in his cap. This was before the day of napkins on the northern border. As he turned to retrace his steps he glanced through the open window, and saw a number of Indians stealthily approaching the house on one side, and on the other a squad of redcoats. "General," he exclaimed, "we are betrayed!" and without waiting to apologize for their abrupt departure, the three soldiers took to their heels and made for the bridge. They were fired upon, but crossed the creek in safety. A few hours afterward the battle of Chippewa was fought, and the British, defeated, had fallen back, leaving their wounded in the hands of the Americans. The mansion from which the General and his aids had escaped in the morning was converted into a hospital. On the parlor floor was a number of British officers under the care of surgeons, and on the floor above several American soldiers. General Scott left the field at the close of the fight in order to look after his wounded, and on entering the house met the lady who had so nearly betrayed him.

"One glance at her," said he, in relating the incident to Thurlow Weed, more than forty years afterward, "was quite sufficient to answer the question I had been asking myself all day. She *had* intended to betray me, and nothing but the accident of my aid rising for his handkerchief saved us from capture."

The mention of Thurlow Weed's name reminds me that the Fourth of July was the gala-day of the year in his calendar, as his daughter tells us in her admirable memoir of this remarkable man:

"He observed it invariably in the good old-fashioned manner, not admitting the propriety of ordinances which abridge rights formerly held by American boys. Indeed, on one occasion, after he had passed his eightieth year, he publicly rebuked the silence of New York city on the birthday of our national independence; and when he learned that the police were instructed to arrest any person who started a bonfire, caused a tar-barrel to be set up in front of his residence, and applied a match to it with his own hand, in solemn protest against what he regarded as modern degeneracy."

"Of all the lion-hearted worthies who signed the Declaration of Independence," Mr. Weed wrote on July 4, 1827, "one only remains to celebrate this anniversary. The venerable Carroll, who hazarded the then largest estate in America upon the result of the contest, still survives, and will to-day be gratefully remembered by twelve millions of freemen."

The Fourth of July has sometimes helped to celebrate itself, without any reference to the glorious work that made it the nation's birthday.

On that day, in 1793, the poet Percy Bysshe Shelley was born.

On the Fourth of July, 1804, just ninety years ago, the Lewis and Clark exploring expedition, on the way to the Pacific, had reached the country now known as Kansas. Where the city of Atchison stands to-day the explorers made camp, and with all necessary form and ceremony celebrated Independence day, and at the same time established the real birthday of the State of Kansas and its fairest city.

On the Fourth of July, 1817, the work of excavating the Erie Canal was begun, and when completed, in 1825, it was 363 miles long.

On the Fourth of July, 1825, the Miami Canal was begun. It was intended to connect the Ohio at Cincinnati with Lake Erie at Toledo. It was 215 miles long, and was completed in 1843.

On the Fourth of July, 1828, the corner-stone of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was laid at Baltimore with imposing ceremonies in the presence of an immense gathering of people. The road, like all others of its day, was built of wooden rails, on which flat bars of iron were spiked.

On the Fourth of July, 1832, six miles of the Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad were opened to travel. The cars were drawn by mules. In 1833, when the road was twenty-two miles long, mule-power was exchanged for steam.

The first pole in the telegraph line from St. Louis to San Francisco was set up July 4, 1861, and the line was completed October 25th. The building of the eastern section (from Omaha to Salt Lake City) was carried through at the wonderful rate of ten miles a day.

The great steel arched bridge over the Mississippi at St. Louis was opened July 4, 1874. It cost $10,000,000, and next to the Brooklyn Bridge is considered the finest piece of engineering work in the world.

The corner-stone of the Washington Monument, the highest in the world (555.5 feet), was laid July 4, 1848. The monument was completed in December, 1884, and dedicated on Washington's birthday, 1885.

On the Fourth of July, 1863, Vicksburg, after a siege of three months, was surrendered to General Grant; and the Fourth of July, 1864, was celebrated by General Butler by a twelve hours' cannonading of Petersburg, at a cost of a vast amount of money. No lives lost, and no property destroyed.

On the Fourth of July, 1865, Portland, Maine, was nearly destroyed by fire. Loss $10,000,000.

The monument erected at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, to the memory of "Mollie Pitcher," the heroine of Monmouth, who died in 1833, was dedicated July 4, 1876.

It is worthy of a record that the first public celebration of any Fourth of July in this country was in commemoration of a happy marriage. William Blaxton, the first white inhabitant of Boston, Massachusetts, a graduate of Cambridge, England, left his native land about 1630 and came to America to escape from the tyranny of "the Lorde Bishops." He lived alone with his books for some years, but in 1659, when sixty-four years old, he married Mrs. Sarah Stephenson, widow of John Stephenson, who lived in a house in Boston on the site of the one in which Benjamin Franklin was afterward born. The ceremony was performed July 4, 1659, by Governor Endicott; "and so happy was the union," says his biographer, the late Zebulon L. White, "that so long as his wife lived Blaxton observed the day as a high holiday, which he set apart for thanksgiving and rejoicing. This is believed to be the earliest celebration of the Fourth of July in America."

R. W. M.

THE NEW STATE CAPITOL AT OLYMPIA, STATE OF WASHINGTON.

THE new Capitol building is to be located in the city of Olympia, on a plot specially selected so the structure will dominate all the surrounding buildings, and be the first object of interest to greet the sight of persons approaching the city on the railways. The building will be of white marble, and will be surrounded by a terrace about twenty feet wide, and raised about four feet above the general level of the ground, and will stand on the edge of a lagoon. The first floor will contain the grand vestibule, which will open into the rotunda, and which will be surrounded by a colonnade of Corinthian columns, from which the grand staircase will rise to the floors above. The Senate-Chamber will be to the right of the rotunda, and semicircular in form, and of a rich and stately order, having in it a semicircular colonnade, and also engaged columns at the Speaker's end. The space between the semicircular colonnade and the wall will be devoted to the purposes of a visitors' gallery. The floor of the Senate-Chamber will be an amphitheatre, and all aisles will descend toward the Speaker's desk. The committee-rooms of both branches of the Legislature will be located in the basement, and will be reached from the Senate-Chamber and House of Representatives—which is located at the west of the rotunda, and arranged similarly to the Senate-Chamber—by flights of stairs.

The Supreme Court chamber is located at the north of the rotunda, and is circular in plan, and extends through the basement and first stories. The judges' rooms will be on the level of the first story.

The Governor's rooms are in the southeast corner of the building, and consist of a large reception-room, of sufficient size to be used upon state occasions, and several private offices for the Governor and his secretaries.

The Attorney-General, with his clerks and assistants, will occupy the northeast corner of the buildings, the suite of rooms corresponding in every way with the Governor's.

In other portions of the building there will be provided quarters for the Lieutenant-Governor, the Secretary of State, the Superintendent of Public Instruction, the State Library, State Comptroller, Auditor, and other departments of the State government. There will be numerous committee-rooms on each floor, and a commodious restaurant on the basement floor. The building will be absolutely fire-proof, and will be furnished with all the modern conveniences in the way of elevators, which will run through the five stories to the roof, electric lighting, and heating.

In the contest for the new Capitol building of the State of Washington there were in all 188 competing architects. While this competition was in progress, the discovery was made that undue influence had been brought to bear upon certain of the commissioners who were to make the final selection of the plans, and it was alleged that they each had received a large sum of money as a bribe to select certain plans on which they would recognize certain secret marks—all the plans being supposed to be submitted incognito.

When the discovery was brought to the attention of the Governor of the State, the plans were examined, the secret marks found, and as the result, both commissioners and architects were dismissed in disgrace and the dishonest plans thrown out.

At this juncture Professor William R. Ware, of Columbia College, was employed to examine the plans and make a selection.

Professor Ware immediately culled out about half of the 188 designs submitted, and later made a selection of six sets of plans from those remaining. After a careful study of these he made his final selection, the choice falling on Mr. Ernest Flagg's design.

In style of architecture the building will follow closely the Italian Renaissance, with classical features. The plans of the building have been drawn so that the dimensions may either be contracted or extended, to conform to whatever decision regarding final dimensions is reached by the Capitol Commission when the working plans are drawn. It will cost several millions of dollars to build.

HENRY BALCH INGRAM.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS TO PLYMOUTH.

PLYMOUTH Rock and town have been made more accessible to tourists and patriotic citizens within the last two years, and those who wish to visit the only place that commemorates the landing of Europeans in the New World can now do so without the inconveniences of former times.

When the road to Plymouth ended there, people could not stop off *en route;* the long railroad trip from Boston and back was not a very pleasant excursion. The harbor of Plymouth, becoming almost dry at low tide, prevented excursion boats from making regular trips. Now, however, a railroad has been made through the wilderness back of Plymouth to the main line, thus connecting the town with the interior of the State, and also enabling one to stop off, going from Boston to New York. A deep channel has also been dredged through the harbor, enabling a boat to make regular trips from Boston. All through the summer there are daily excursions to Plymouth. The sentiments connected with the relics in this interesting old town make an excursion there far different from the usual summer outing.

The first object of interest is naturally the Rock, which is near the water's edge. A flight of steps leads to the top of Cole's Hill, not far distant, where the first of the Pilgrim dead were buried. Their levelled graves were sown with wheat to hide their number from the Indians. Burying Hill, where the oldest gravestones are, and Pilgrim Hall, which is a museum containing relics of the Pilgrim fathers, should not be omitted by the visitor. There are, besides, the Plymouth Monument, and numerous old houses and historical sites which are mentioned in the guide-books.

The vicinity of Plymouth has natural attractions as well as those of a historical interest. A half-hour's ride on the electric road brings the visitor to the southern end of the harbor, where on the one hand he commands a comprehensive view of Plymouth Bay, shut in by the Duxbury, Saquish, and Plymouth beaches, while on the other is Rocky Point, a mass of bowlders stretching out into Massachusetts Bay. This is the "Rock-bound Coast" that stretches wild and uninhabited almost to Cape Cod.

There are beautiful lakes and quaint hamlets in the Plymouth wilderness and along the wild coast between the town and Cape Cod that will well repay the visitors to the Rock if they can afford the time to travel by stage.

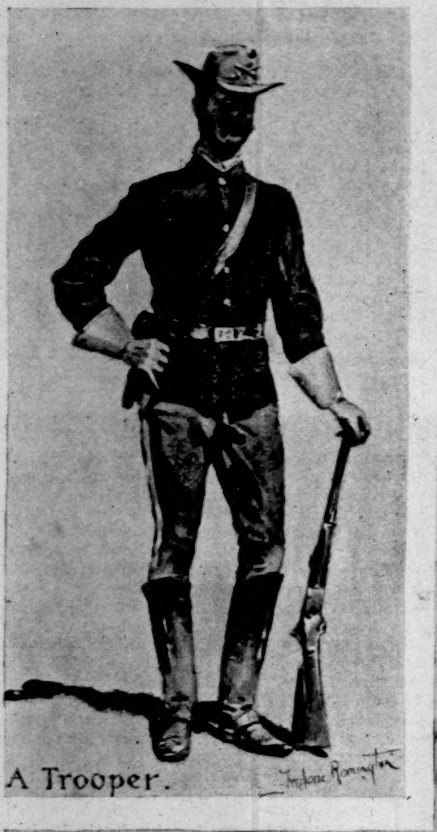
TROOP A WITH THE DUST ON.

NEW YORK'S crack cavalry company has just returned from the State camp at Peekskill, and Troop A is mad away down to the heels of its boots. It's a passive rage, more correctly speaking, but it is more than disgust. Some enterprising newspaper men have written that Troop A got itself lost in Westchester County on its march up from the city. Troop A has men in it who were born and raised in Westchester County, and Troop A is full of ex-cowboys who have followed bull-trail through the Bad Lands, and Troop A, moreover, is commanded by a man who has made trails in the far West which grew to be wagon-roads and railways, and when they think of being lost in Westchester County, where a half-hour's trot to the west would make the Hudson River from any point, they are seized with one grand disgust, and they want to reason profoundly on the degeneracy of the modern press; and who can blame them, when they are buffeted below the belt in that fashion? That's the deadly insult—to say a cavalryman is lost; and laymen must understand that doctors who kill their patients, and lawyers who lose their cases, and butchers who sell bad meat, are like cavalrymen who get lost. In this contest of the pen and sword for mightiness, the pen must fight fair, or disinterested observers will have to lug out the mantle of charity, and drape the pen, and say, "Forgive it." Oh no; Troop A will eat pork, and Troop A will fight, and Troop A will get next to a commissary wagon before the last red gleam of sunset falls, and that's all the home a soldier knows.

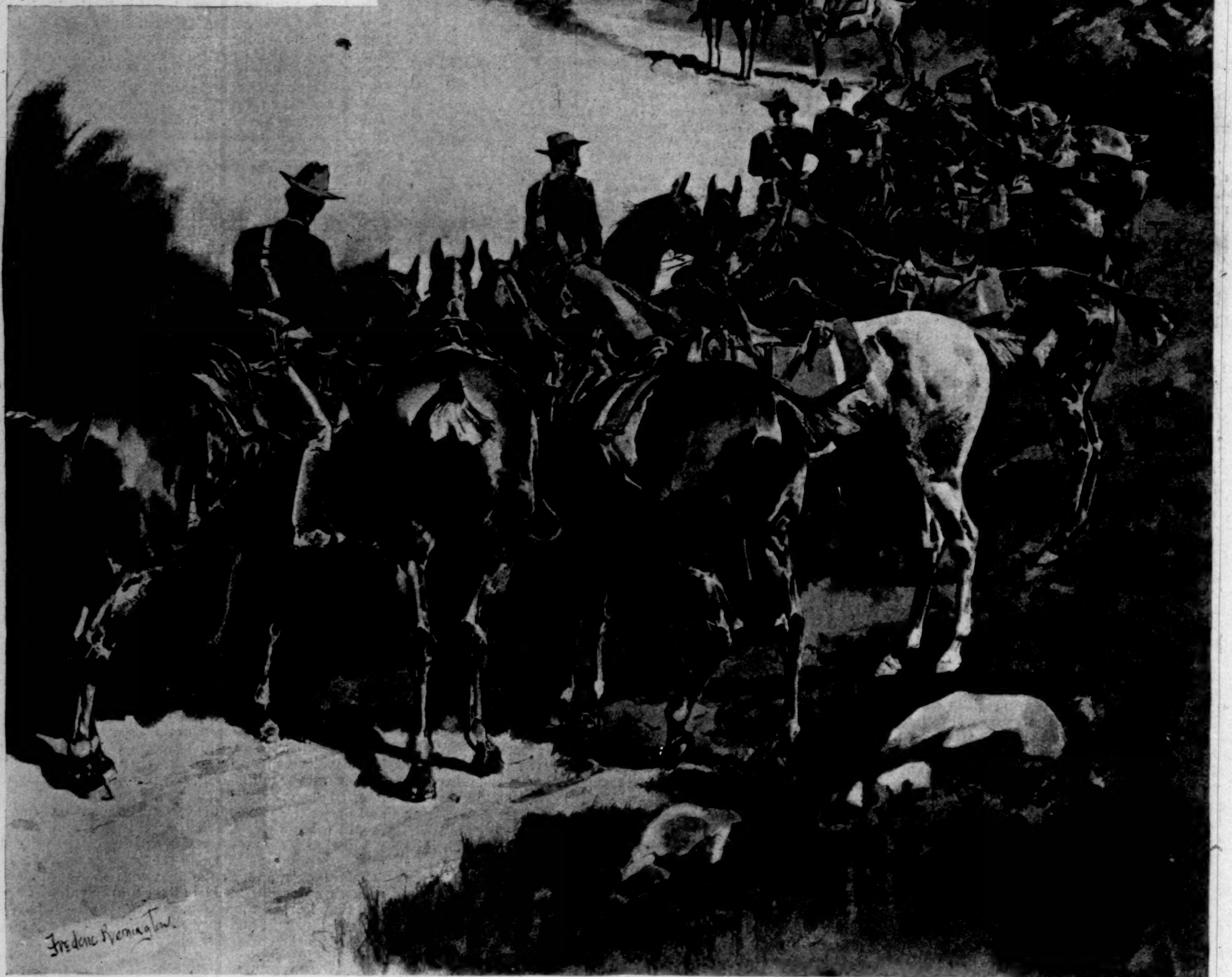
That long march in the dust with the thermometer sky-rocketing was intended as a lesson to the men of the troop, and they learned the lesson, as they do all others. It was a long, hot march, and any man who wasn't a good stayer would have dropped out, and they brought every man and horse in fit to work next day, and the men did their turn on guard that night. They were dusty and begrimed, and they had their coats off, and spectators who saw them arrive felt the businesslike look and bearing. All the traditions of the United States cavalry call for a man with his coat off on a hot march, and his hat should be dented and the rim knocked up, and he should look jaunty, and have a "What care I?" manner—that's the way the United States cavalrymen who have made history have all looked, and it's the unwritten regulation. The other ideas are German and parade day, and of course the spectator of United States cavalry in the field must remember that he is not looking at the Amazons in the ballet.

The troop was very popular at the camp; it was an object-lesson to the hundreds of men who had not seen cavalry. Crowds of infantry lined up around the field to watch their drill, and when they charged, and a saddle turned and threw a soldier under the pounding hoofs of the troop, and when he caught his horse and mounted and fell in again, they cheered him to the echo; and well they might, for it was good "sand."

It is the extras, and the extras in our militia system and the State camp in particular, which constitute its virtues rather than the parade business. For instance, when two



A Trooper.



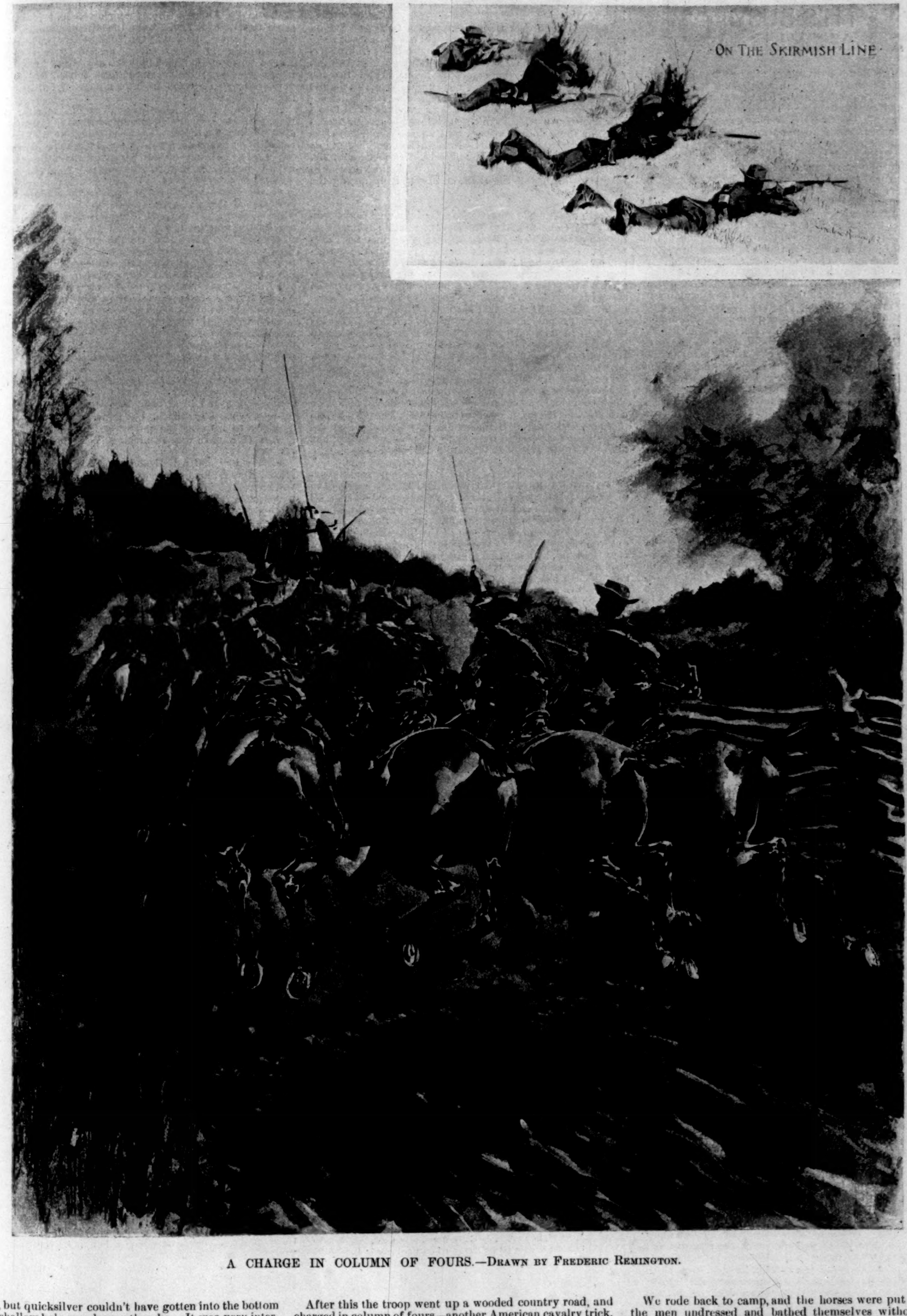
DEPLOYED AS INFANTRY—FOURTH TROOPERS IN CHARGE OF THE HORSES.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.

very nice young gentlemen of the stable-guard, both covered with mud, were engaged in ploughing a furrow around the horse-shed, and doing it, too, in a manner which any agriculturist might commend, though it is almost certain that neither of them, previous to this experience, had known one end of a plough from the other, they spoke to the great coarse plough-team in a high-bred way, much as they might have spoken to trembling hunters about to do six feet three inches over the rails.

Troop A is well accoutred—or it will be when it has a new rapid-fire carbine. It has a pistol-holster adapted by Captain Roe from cowboy models, and it is possible to get it out of the case within thirty days from the first declaration of intentions, and also on the case are thimbles for twelve rounds of ammunition. The sabre is hung from the left side of the saddle forward, and the carbine, encased in a cowboy sling, hangs on the opposite side. Troop A finds difficulty in getting its boots on the morning after a rainy day, and like the rest of the National Guard is expected to rely on individual ingenuity to secure more than a dozen rounds of blank ammunition a-piece. Why, I have never been able to find out. Troop A knocks the crown of its campaign hat in with a Ninth United States cavalry twist; and if they always imitate that regiment in some other ways they will never have fault to find with themselves. They wear a yellow neckerchief, and it's as pretty as a red wagon, and carry a heavy Spanish sabre as a delicate compliment to the ordnance folks who provide a worthless weapon.

The observations of the infantry who watched the mounted drills were intelligent, as befits good Americans, for I overheard two young fellows speculating how many "yellow legs" they could pot before they were ridden down by the coming charge. They were going through the motions of loading and firing, and they were taking deadly aim every time. They were doubtless assuming that their own force was in solid array with their cartridge-boxes full; but let us hope it always would be, under the circumstances.

I followed a morning drill of the troop as it pushed itself through the lanes and woods and hills of the very broken country back of the camp. The men were dismounted and deployed, and made their way through the thick woods, the puddles, and over the stone walls, and the led-horses lay in a depression the while. It is the true American dragoon-work, and was well done in a springy and intelligent manner. These young fellows, whom I watched narrowly, were Indian-like in the selection of ground to afford them protection. They went at it with zest. One young chap could do no better than lie in the very shallowest depression on a rather



A CHARGE IN COLUMN OF FOURS.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

flat hill, but quicksilver couldn't have gotten into the bottom of that shallow hole any deeper than he. It was very interesting work, and picturesque beyond measure to see the athletic youngsters pushing through the difficult country, and to hear the carbine fire ring, and to watch the blue smoke eddy in and out among the leaves. It's the true cavalry-work, this dismounted action; it's an American trick, and with the natural shooting quality of our people and the peculiarities of our country it has been successful. Outside of the Cossacks and the British there is no cavalry in Europe, I think, who have been able to imitate it and not impair their usefulness as true horse-soldiers. Eastern America is very rough-timbered and full of stone walls, and is altogether a most impossible cavalry country in one sense, and yet again for rapid movement and dismounted action it is the best possible place.

After this the troop went up a wooded country road, and charged in column of fours—another American cavalry trick, invented in the last war, and sneered at by Europeans, who will never understand, so we can afford not to mind. Good American cavalry should be able to charge, dismount, and deploy ahead with lightning stroke. Teach them that, and the friendly nature of the country will do the rest.

It is very remarkable how readily these young citizen soldiers take on the air of veterans, and jam their horses along through the creeks and bowlders with all the abandon of a cow-puncher or a veteran of the Indian campaigns. There is the loose easy swinging seat, the wild reining of the horse, which are peculiar to natural horse-people—by which I mean the arm extended and hand held high, to the pointing of which in any direction the horse seems to respond with an almost human intelligence.

We rode back to camp, and the horses were put up, and the men undressed and bathed themselves without anything which could be characterized as false modesty; or, for that matter—well, what is proper modesty?—who has it? "Hurry up, hurry up!" is the cry. "Why hurry up?" you ask. "Oh, we always tell every one to hurry up in Troop A." One fellow is turning back-somersaults in the company street, and Troop A has a sense of humor. It dearly loves to guy the rest of the world, and it doesn't want to be taken seriously, as befits cavalry. Ah, youth is a delicious thing! You can see it in the company streets of A Troop—a very tornado of spirits, where the happy Hottentot would be an aged and musty ruin in comparison with these boys. After careful observation I opine that the greatest and best thing in this world is a boy twenty-one years old who is in the cavalry.

FREDERIC REMINGTON.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, after communicating to the London *Times* his hearty dissatisfaction with present methods of government in Samoa, has sent to San Francisco for arms and ammunition, and means apparently to take the field himself. One of Mr. Stevenson's complaints is that the consular triumvirate representing England, Germany, and the United States, to which is intrusted the supervision of Samoan affairs, wink at intolerable barbarities in the factional warfare of the Samoans. He says they have condoned head-hunting and such atrocities, so that he is ashamed of them as representatives of civilization.

Mr. Stevenson does well to tell what he knows, and do what he can for the improvement of his neighbors. But in pointing out the motes in the eyes of the triumvirate, he seems to have overlooked a beam in an eye much nearer home. One Lloyd Osborne, who lives in Samoa, has lately written, in collusion with his step-father, some of the bloody-mindedest marine romances which it has been the lot of the present generation to read. These books abound in bad characters, pirates, assassins, throwers of vitriol, captains of phenomenal cruelty, and demon mates. Blood runs in such profusion in them that the gentler propensities of human nature are all but crowded out, and when the reader has finished his tale, he feels like giving himself up to justice as a man who owes reparation to society for the company he has kept. If Mr. Stevenson could contrive to get hold of this writer named Osborne, and prevail upon him to sheathe his knife and disassociate himself and his readers for a time from the company of cutthroats, he would confer such a favor on the civilized world as would entitle him to full sympathy and aid in his efforts to pacify the Samoans. If he will read Osborne's books—and in particular one called *The Wreckers*, and another more recent one, called *The Ebb Tide*—he will see how murderous and barbaric their tendencies are, and how important it is that something should be done about them.

The story of the member of this year's graduating class at West Point who married the commissary sergeant's daughter on the day of graduation has been freely printed in the newspapers, and has provoked abundant comment. It seems that the married cadet's comrades disapproved of his exploit, and let him and his bride rather severely alone. The reason for that was that it is not army etiquette for lieutenants to marry the daughters of sergeants. It has often been averred that there are no classes in American society, but in the American army there are classes, and the commissioned officers and the non-commissioned officers are not in the same one. So the newly graduated cadets felt that their classmate has done very unwisely to marry in such haste a young woman of different social station, and they did not hesitate to let their disapproval become apparent. Most of the newspapers, the country newspapers in particular, have called them a lot of snobs, and praised the young cadet for having the courage of his affections. But he probably knew that he was acting contrary to army traditions, and was sure to experience the form of disapproval known as the cold shoulder, so he got no more than he should have expected. He may be a youth of more sense and stronger character than his hasty action would lead one to believe, and the girl he has married may make him a better wife than his friends seem to expect. In that case the disapproval of his fellows is a matter of no great moment. It would be hard to get together a lot of educated young men over twenty-one years of age who know less of the world, and are more childlike and unsophisticated in their attitude toward all the serious concerns of life, than a squad of brand-new West Point graduates. Let the young lieutenant remember that, and take courage. In the army, or out of it, what a man's friends finally think about his marriage depends very much upon what he thinks about it himself. If in the end it suits him they will call it a good marriage, and if it doesn't they will call it a failure.

On the 19th of this month of July a club is to be organized in the State of Oregon which is novel enough to be worth some attention. Clubs are usually organized in offices or at dinners, where the conveniences for discussion and agreement abound, but this club is to be organized in the most inconvenient place for miles around. All, or nearly all, that is required of persons who wish to become charter members of it is that they shall be at the place of organization at the time appointed. The place is the top of Mount Hood; the time is the 19th of July. The name of the club is to be "Mazamas," and its object is to bring together people who want to climb mountains. The annual dues will be three dollars; the initiation fee ten dollars, but for charter members there will be no initiation fee. The way to become a charter member is to be at Government Camp or at Cloud Cap Inn, on Tuesday, July 17th, ready to climb. The ascent will be made from those points by several routes, and on Thursday, when all the climbing parties have reached the summit, the club will be organized. The mazama, from which the club will get its name, is the mountain-goat found in the mountains of the Pacific coast in North America, and is understood to be the best climber in the country. Further information about the new club may be had on application to W. G. Steel, 391 Alder Street, Portland, Oregon.

One of the most incredible incidents in Dr. Doyle's story of *The Refugees* was the shipwreck, where the refugees and their shipmates crawled up on the iceberg on which their vessel split, and escaped. Dr. Doyle's iceberg turned out to have most of the conveniences of a modern flat, except elevators and a janitor, and a vessel was waiting on the other side of it to take the party ashore. Such icebergs are scarce even in real life; but no longer ago than June 17th forty-three persons escaped drowning off St. John's, Newfoundland, by crawling on an iceberg which got in the way of the schooner *Rose* and sunk her. This iceberg was low and flat, and less picturesque than Dr. Doyle's, but it helps one to believe in his, for it kept its population out of water until the crew of a passing vessel heard their cries and took them off.

Mr. Godkin, of the *Evening Post*, has an article in the June *Forum*, wherein he discusses who will pay the bills of socialism. It is good reading, as Mr. Godkin's articles usually are; but in the course of it he computes that if all the wealth of the United States were divided up, it would give each family of five persons an income of three hundred dollars a year. "It is evident," observes Mr. Godkin, "that the laborer could on this make no material change in his style of living."

If Mr. Godkin ever tries to support a family of five on ten dollars a week he will find that six dollars a week more or less makes a most surprising difference in his style of living. That he should have any doubts about it gives basis to the suspicion that there are some points of view that the editor of the *Evening Post* does not attain. What six dollars a week means to a working-man's family may be better understood when it is known that it is not difficult to find a working-man's wife in fairly comfortable circumstances who for three dollars a week will take a young infant to board, and give it good care. Nevertheless, nothing in this paragraph should be understood to be at variance with Mr. Godkin's main conclusion—that it would be inexpedient to take the property of the rich and divide it up among the poor.

Mention was made some weeks ago of the unexpected success of the Genesee Valley Forestry Association of Rochester in setting the school-children of the city against the caterpillars. Last year the association gave prizes to the public-school pupils who brought in the greatest number of cocoons. The first-prize winner gathered over forty-four thousand. This year it offered ten dollars to every child who should beat last year's record. To the surprise of the association, over sixty children did so. One child, who of course had help, actually brought in a million and a half cocoons to the inspectors. All together nearly nine million cocoons were destroyed, and it took over six hundred and sixty dollars to pay the children their prizes. This was a much larger sum than the Forestry Association had expected to disburse, but it was raised by subscription and paid. The Rochester Foresters think that the work was well worth the money; and, indeed, one cent for one hundred and forty cocoons does not seem an exorbitant rate. They think, furthermore, that their experiment has demonstrated that the cheapest and most effective way to rid cities of caterpillars is to stir up the school-children to gather the cocoons.

Among the candidates for West Point who passed the examinations this month was Gwynn R. Hancock, a grandson of General Hancock. Unluckily, though qualified in all other respects, he lacked five pounds of the requisite beef, and was rejected on that account. It was the sarcasm of destiny, indeed, that a grandson of the Superb should turn out to be short-weight at West Point. Young Hancock protests that he had studied himself down to shadow, and will weigh enough in a few days to satisfy the requirements. He has gone to the Secretary of War to ask for another turn at the scales, and here's a-hoping he may get it. If he should happen upon a story called *The Jumping Frog*, it may be as well for him to read it, as it contains an idea that might possibly be useful to a young man who finds his weight five pounds short at an unseasonable time.

The Meigs plan for elevated railroads in Tremont and Washington Streets in Boston has wrung shrieks of apprehension from the worthies of that place. The *Transcript* runs over with expostulations against the hideous plot. Elevated railroads are certainly not pretty, and if Boston can invent a better way of getting its suburban population in and out of town it is to be hoped she will. But she must do something, and do it soon. People insist upon invading her precincts, and insist that she shall make it easier for them to do it.

E. S. Martin.

TENNIS IN ANCIENT TIMES.

> "Renouncing clean
> The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
> Short blister'd breeches."—*Henry VIII., Act I., Scene III.*

In the spring a young man's fancy fondly turns to thoughts of "love," and "let," and "doubles," and "'vantage," and other Tennis terms. But little does he realize—and perhaps less does he care—what agonies the philologists have endured in trying to account for these terms, and in trying to explain the word "Tennis" itself.

The antiquaries affirm that there is no reference to ball-playing of any kind in the Sacred Scriptures, and that there is no allusion to it among the Assyrian inscriptions. Isaiah, however, says that the Lord will surely violently turn and toss the wicked like a ball into a large country; and Mr. Flinders Petrie found, some sixty miles south of Cairo, and not very long ago, balls—about the size of billiard balls—which are made of leather and of wood; and among them were "tip-cats," both of these, he believes, dating back some 4000 years.

The game of Hand-ball, from which Tennis is derived, is known to have been popular in England and France in remote times. The French King Louis X. is said to have died of a severe cold caught while playing ball at Vincennes, in the Fourteenth Century, and an old plan of Windsor Castle, made in the Fifteenth Century, exhibits what is termed a "Tennys Courte."

In Wynkyn de Worde's *Cronycles of Englande*, 1528, we find the following: "And somewhat in scorne and despyte, he [the Dauphin] sent to hym [Henry V. of England] a tonne full of Tenes balles." On this hint spoke Shakspere in his *Henry V.*, Act I., Scene II.:

> "We are glad, the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
> His present, and your pains, we thank you for;
> When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
> We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,
> Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard:
> Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler
> That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
> With chaces."

Henry VII. and Henry VIII. were both fond of Tennis, we are told; and the latter added a Tennis Court to the Palace at Whitehall. The oldest establishment of the kind, now remaining in England, was built by the Eighth Henry at Hampton Court, when that Palace came into his possession in 1526.

When Queen Elizabeth was a guest of the Earl of Hertford, in 1591, we read that "ten of his lordship's servants, after dinner, did hang up lines, squaring out the form of a Tennis Court, and making a cross-line in the middle; in this square they played, five to five, with handball at bord and cord, as they tearme it, to the great liking of her Highness."

James I. considered Tennis well becoming the dignity of a prince, and he urged his son Henry, Prince of Wales, to turn his attention to it. Charles I. played it while he was still Duke of York; but its first royal enthusiast was the Second Charles, and one of his favorite haunts was the Court in St. James's Street, which was not closed until some thirty years ago. "On the 4th of January, 1664," says Mr. Pepys, "I went to the Tennis Court, and there saw the King play at Tennis. But," he adds, "to see how the King's play was extolled, without any cause at all, was a loathsome sight; though sometimes indeed he did play very well, and deserved to be commended, but such open flattery is beastly."

An ancient legend associating Joan of Arc with Tennis may, perhaps, give the game an additional charm in the eyes of certain players. Two centuries ago, and two centuries after her time, a rumor was started in France that the Maid of Orleans was not burned at the stake at all, but lived to marry a soldier and to run away from her husband with a priest. Her brothers and her cousins are reported to have recognized and accepted her; and in 1452 the curé of Sermaize is said to have testified that "a young woman," with whom he had engaged in a set or two, urged him to say boldly that he had played Tennis with the Pucelle, "whereat," he added, "the deponent was right joyous." This was twenty years or more after the Pucelle was supposed to have been carried to the stake, and when she must have been a very mature young woman indeed. A life-sized, full-length portrait of Joan of Arc with a Tennis Racket is respectfully suggested as a subject to the budding Bastien-Lepages of the present Beaux-Arts.

Tennis evidently sprang from Racket, and Racket appears, according to Mr. F. Phillpott, to have been merely a transition from the ruder and less scientific mode of propulsion adopted by our forefathers in their ball play, who always played "Hand Tennis" with the naked hand. By degrees the glove came into use, and the glove was sometimes lined. The glove was afterwards exchanged for a sort of *reticulata manus*, the naked hand being bound with thongs or cords made of what is popularly, but improperly, termed catgut, as likely to increase the power and velocity of the ball; this, in turn, gave way to artificial palms of the hands, or rackets.

With a ball, and a wall, and a hand of five fingers, says Mr. A. Holt White, in *Notes and Queries*, September 27, 1856, you have the game of Fives; with a bat of wood and then a racket, and two side walls, you have it on a larger scale. With a double Fives-Court and a roof on it for protection against the weather, you have Long Fives, still sometimes played in the Tennis Courts; and then a game of Long Fives made a game of refined skill is—Tennis. Another writer in *Notes and Queries* declares that Tennis balls in the Sixteenth Century were made of iron; and he quotes the inscription upon a still existing English provincial tombstone, which shows how a boy was killed by a ball of that description, which hit him on the head!

Tennis lay dormant in England for many years, and until Croquet died a natural death, not long ago; and Lawn-Tennis sprang from the ashes of croquet balls, stakes, and mallets. It is gentle and it is mild, this Lawn-Tennis. It takes young persons, of both sexes, out of doors; it gives them opportunities for flirtation, and the chance to look pretty in bright flannels; it gives middle-aged persons who do not always flirt, and who do not always devote much thought to their raiment, the fresh air and the exercise they need; and now it reigns supreme, while its right there is none to dispute. The historians record its accession in England in 1874, and it was crowned at the First Tournament, held at Lord's the next year. It became the chief ruler of out-door sports in America at about the same period.

Richardson's *Dictionary* derives the name Tennis "from the French *Tenez, accepe, take*—a word which the French, who excel in this game, use when they hit the ball." *The Century Dictionary*, on the other hand, asserts that this theory of derivation is purely imaginary, and that it is inconsistent with the usages of the time; but the *Century* gives no other etymology in its stead. Dozens of theories concerning the origin and the meaning of the word Tennis are contained in *Notes and Queries* for a period extending over a number of years; and column upon column is devoted to the discussion of the subject, the chief contestants being the Rev. W. W. Skeat, author of the *Etymological Dictionary*, and Mr. Julian Marshall, author of *The Annals of Tennis*, published in 1878. Mr. Marshall points out that the name Tennis was never applied to the game outside of Great Britain and Ireland. In Italy, where it originated, it was called *Il giuoco della palla*, in France *Le Jeu de la Paume*, in Germany simply *Ballspiel*, in Spain *Juego de Pelota*, in the Basque Provinces *Jugar al blé*, in Flanders *Kaelsspel*, in Scotland the caitch, or Tennise.

One ingenious contributor points out the strong analogy between *tennis* and *dance*, more especially in the Teutonic form of *tanz*. The bounding or ricochet motion of the tennis-ball is a dance round the enclosure called a Tennis Court, he contends, and the origin of both words may therefore be identical. Mr. George White says that Tennis is the old French game of *Le Jeu de la Paume*, and that on striking the ball with the flat of the hand the player (in France) cried out *Tenez*, as we call out *Play!*

Another theory is that the term came from the French *tenie*, a fillet, the band or string on which the net is stretched. Another that *tenne* is German for threshing-floor, and that a smooth, paved threshing-floor *might* have served once for a primitive Tennis Court. Another writer affirms that *Tennis* is the old English form of *tens*, the plural of *ten*, and that *Tens* is a sort of double Fives! Another correspondent shows that the word Tennis was invented before the game Tennis, and that tence (*tenis*) in its old sense, meant a combat or a quarrel, a batting to and fro. Hence Widewood's definition that Tennis is a game in which a ball is driven to and fro with rackets. *Tennes* in this connection—a combat—is said to occur in the works of Gower (1400), in Higden's *Polychronicon* (1482), in Fitzherbert (1523), in Palgrave (1530), in Eliot (1544), in Shakspere (edition of 1623), in Chapman, and in Beaumont and Fletcher.

Mr. F. Chance discovered that the names Tennyson and Denison are the same, therefore that St. Denis was St. Tennis, and therefore as St. Denis, on account of the traditional episode with his head, which he held in his hand as if it were a ball, *might* have been instituted the patron saint of all games connected with balls of any kind, and thus *might* have bestowed his name upon Denis or Tennis, which is pre-eminent among the ball games of France. This seems to be fetched a little far. But if St. Fiacre gave his name to a vehicle of public carriage, why should not St. Denis have done as much for a vehicle of public amusement?

Still the matter is left unsettled. And the present compiler, who has waded through all this discussion of the derivations of the term, feels like the boy who was hit on the head with the iron ball!

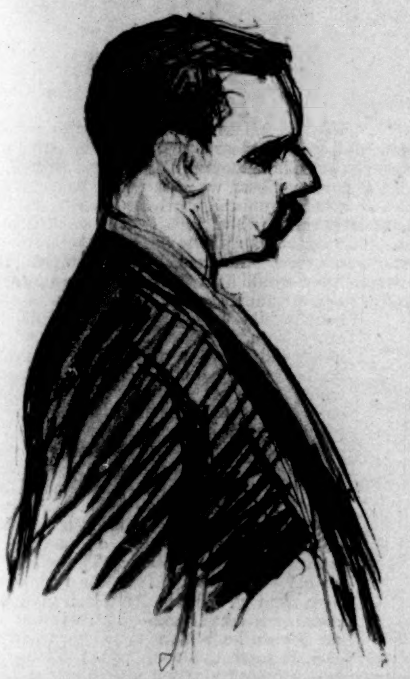
Laurence Hutton.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

BY LOUIS ANDRÉ.—ILLUSTRATED BY P. RÉNOUARD.

IT is two o'clock. The trumpets sound, the drums beat a salute, and the messengers pace up and down the large lobby of the Palais Bourbon known as the *salle des pas perdus*, shouting as loud as they can, "Hats off, gentlemen!" Every one doffs his hat, for the President of the Chamber of Deputies is coming to take his place as presiding officer.

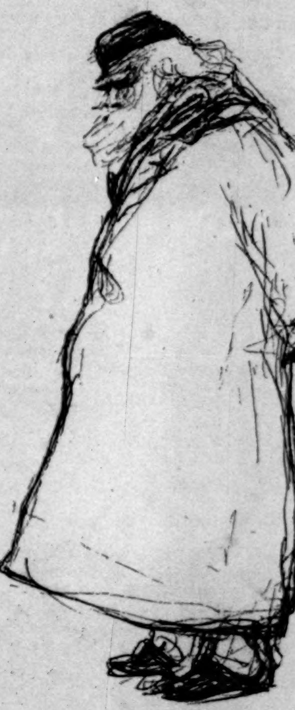
The journalists, who are bored by this official ceremonial, which they have witnessed over and over again for years, rush off towards the gallery set apart for them, and from the foot of the staircase naught is seen but climbing legs, some gravely ascending the steps that lead to the press gallery, others mounting precipitately. Look at these legs, which Rénouard has sketched with his magic pencil; at the sight of them it is easy to guess what sort of an article the journalist to whom they belong will write this evening. Mark how slowly the *Temps* and the *Cocarde* reporters go up; they are in no hurry. And why should they be? Are not both of them ready with their articles in advance? The former, whatever betides, is expected to sing the praise of a cabinet that is dear to his journal; the latter, happen what may, is no less obliged to run it down.



CASIMIR-PÉRIER, PRESIDENT OF THE CHAMBER.

Mr. Gladstone said, one day, "I have heard several thousand speeches during my Parliamentary career; they rarely changed my opinion, and never my vote." The representatives of newspapers holding extreme views might say as much for themselves, and add that they do not even take the trouble to listen to the speeches they are sent to report.

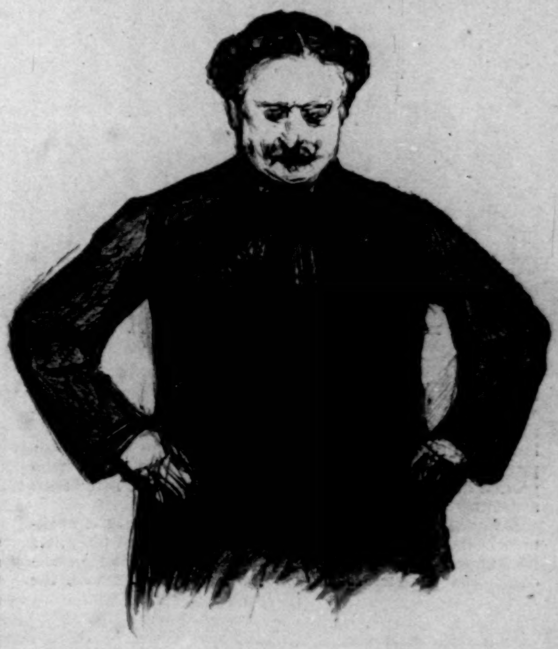
While the journalists rush off to their gallery, the President, followed by the secretaries of the Chamber and the general secretary or Clerk of the House, passes through the large public hall. The soldiers are drawn up in double rank along his passage; two officers escort him, sword in hand, and the colonel in command of the guard of the Palais Bourbon stands motionless at the door leading into the Chamber. This ceremony is certainly impressive, and every time a new President of the Chamber enters upon office, a crowd gathers in the lobby to see how he will march.



DE GASTÉ (ROYALIST).

In France the *doyen d'âge*, or oldest member, presides over the first sitting of each new session. This prescriptive rule is not without offering certain inconveniences, as it may sometimes bring to the Presidential chair an octogenarian too weak physically to perform the task incumbent on him, or one whose political opinions are too manifestly in opposition to those of the Parliamentary majority. Thus, a few years ago, it so chanced that the oldest member was Raspail, the famous revolutionist, who had been so often arrested and condemned to prison or sent into exile during the Empire. On the opening day, the guard of honor, which is in turn chosen from each regiment belonging to the Paris garrison, happened to be furnished by the gendarmery, a body of troops especially charged with the arrest of malefactors. M. Raspail, in dress-coat and white necktie, was in the Presidential drawing-room, surrounded by the secretaries of the Chamber, and awaiting the moment when he should be called to attend the sitting. Presently the clock struck two, and the Clerk of the House ordered the doors of the drawing-room to be thrown open. The ushers immediately announced "Monsieur le Président"; the officers lowered their swords, the trumpets sounded, and the drums beat a salute. On catching sight of the gendarmes, Raspail recoiled, much to the astonishment of those around him. Shortly after he explained this movement of surprise. "How could I help it?" said the President *pro tem.* "I was unable to repress an involuntary shudder, for every time in my life that I have seen the gendarmes it was to be led off to prison. I am not accustomed to have them present arms to me as I pass along."

Finally the President gets to his chair and the sitting begins. As long as bills of no great importance are being discussed, the lobby gradually becomes more animated. It is a curious sight to witness. While the reporters, crowding around a too narrow table, write out the notes that they send off every five minutes to their respective newspapers, all sorts of functionaries, and prefects more especially, are to be seen walking up and down, seeking to shake hands with the Deputy whom they think will be a cabinet minister to-morrow. An army of messengers come and go with slips of paper whereon are inscribed the names of persons wishing to speak with Deputies who are at their places in the Chamber. These persons are solicitants, and in many cases women, whose object is to get the Deputy of their district to favor some begging request. One woman claims for herself the continuation of her dead husband's pension, or a tobacconist's store (tobacco being a government monopoly in France); another wants a scholarship for her son, who is in one of the state colleges; a third begs preferment for her husband. The Deputy thus solicited has a kind word for all, and promises to use his best efforts in their behalf.

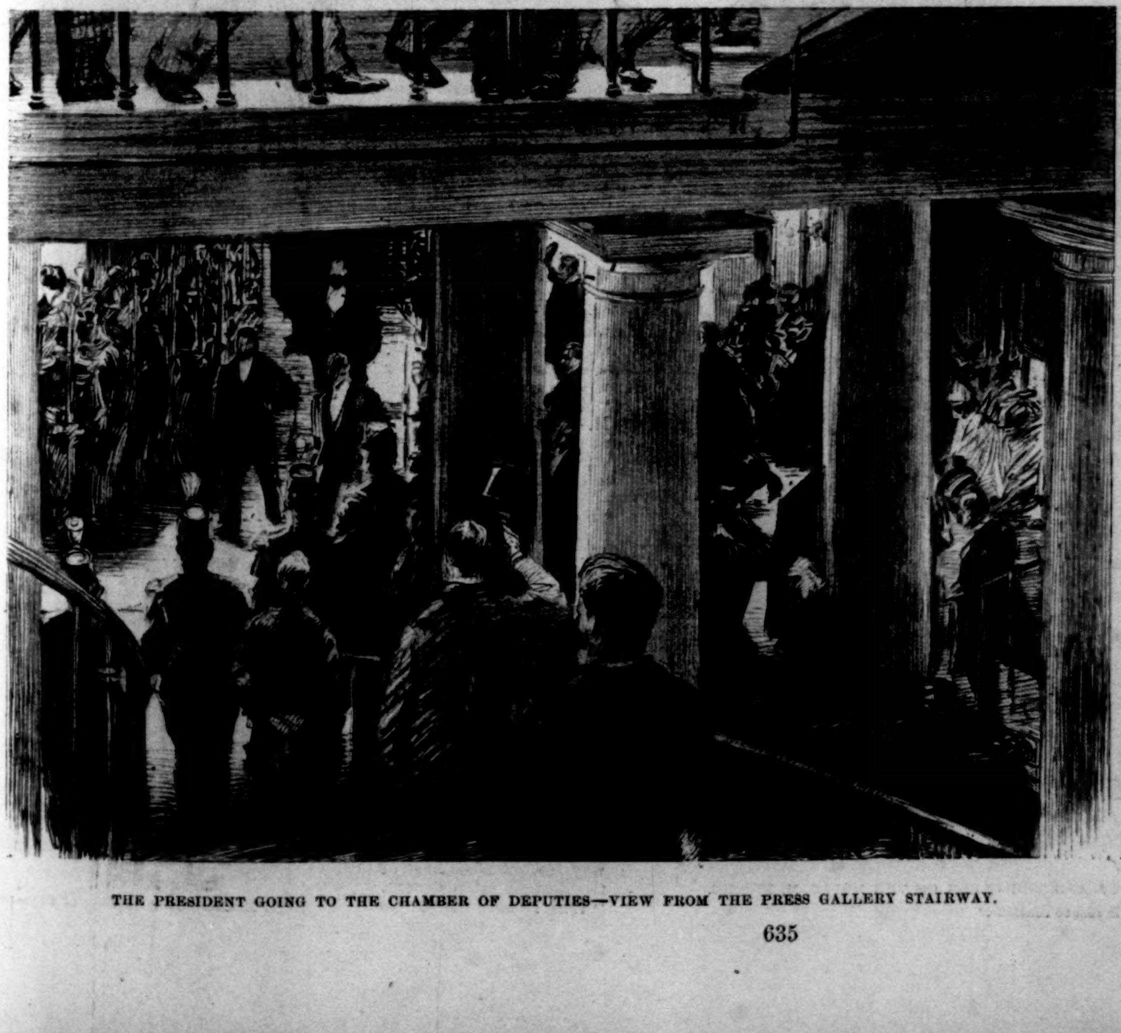


DUC DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD (ROYALIST).

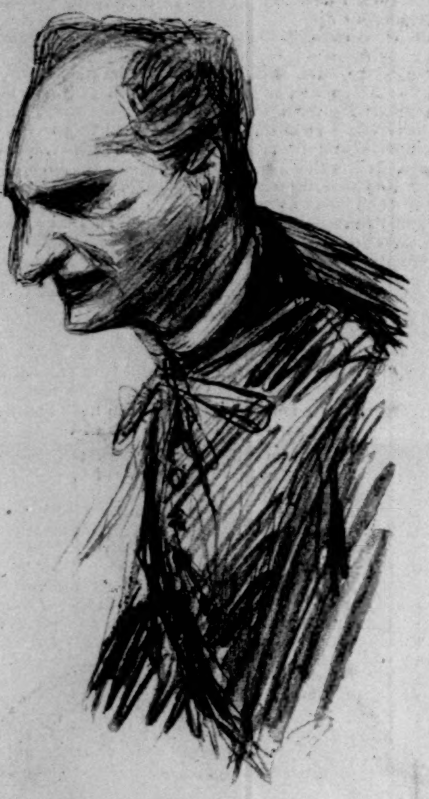
Few persons imagine to what extent the Deputies are tormented by their electors. Some receive as many as fifteen or twenty visits in a day, to say nothing about the forty or fifty letters brought to them by the post. If these letters could only be published! I know some Deputies who are fearlessly asked by their electors, or the female relatives of their electors, to do errands. One good woman, who lives in the depths of a province, had recourse to the Deputy from her district to help her out of a difficulty with her dressmaker. Having ordered a dress from Paris, and finding that the garment did not fit, she sent the Deputy the measurement of her waist and a description of her person, so that he might be enabled to change the dress for one better suited to her size.

At four o'clock the lobby is crowded to the utmost, and in the jostle of people that come and go, persons of all ages and conditions, it is difficult to distinguish between the Deputies and those who are mere spectators. Formerly, under the Empire, the Deputies wore an official costume, which was replaced by the black dress-coat and the white necktie. Soon, however, the dress-coat gave way to the frock-coat; the latter was in turn superseded by the cut-away coat, and in the last session the blue blouse of the French-carter made its appearance. To affirm the sincerity of his opinions, M. Thivrier, a member who called himself a workman Deputy, solemnly promised his constituents that if he were returned he would be present at all the sittings of the Chamber in a blue blouse. M. Thivrier was elected, and kept his word. During the first weeks his blouse was a great success, as it gave rise to much merriment; but after a while the members got accustomed to the crotchet, and every one pitied the wretched man thus condemned to wear a blouse every day of his life, and who, when he left the Palais Bourbon in the evening, put his blouse over his greatcoat, lest he should be accused of breaking his word.

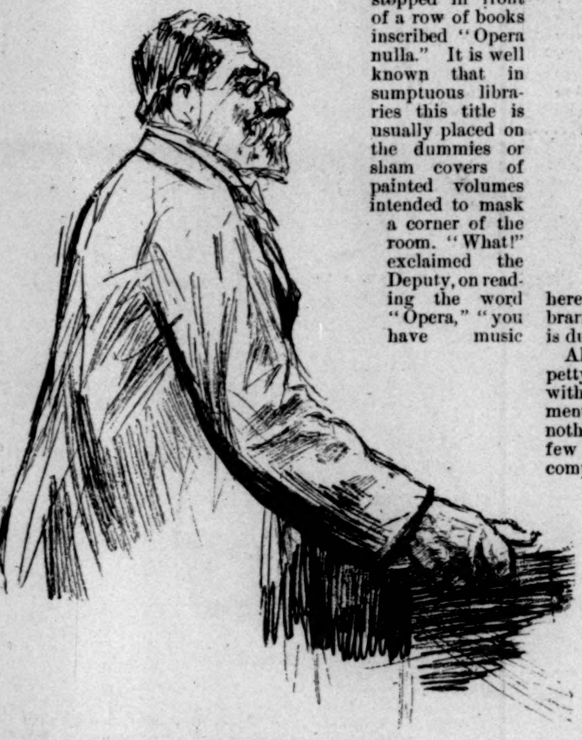
The last elections have returned a large number of workmen Deputies, and it is curious to see the blank amazement of the ushers at the door leading into the Chamber when certain persons to whom they have refused admittance exclaim, "But I am a member of the House!" M. François Coppée, speaking before the French Academy recently, said that Louis XIV. would have expressed considerable astonishment had



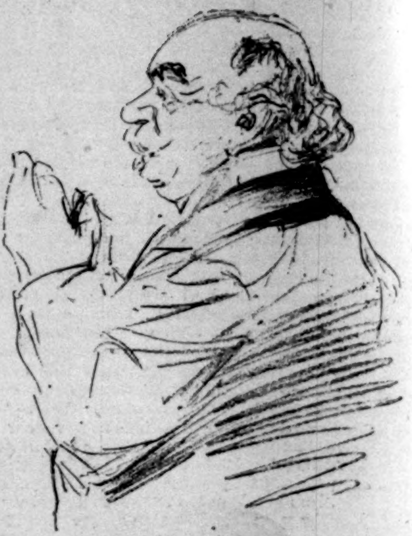
THE PRESIDENT GOING TO THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES—VIEW FROM THE PRESS GALLERY STAIRWAY.



MONSEIGNEUR D'HULST (ORLEANIST).



ÉDOUARD VAILLANT (SOCIALIST).



TONY RÉVILLON (RADICAL).

he been told that some future day his great-grandchildren would have no more power in the state than a simple peasant. Without going back as far as the reign of Louis XIV., it may be asserted that twenty-five years ago had any one prophesied a time when legislators would be found who gloried in their lack of instruction, the man that made such a statement would have been accounted insane.

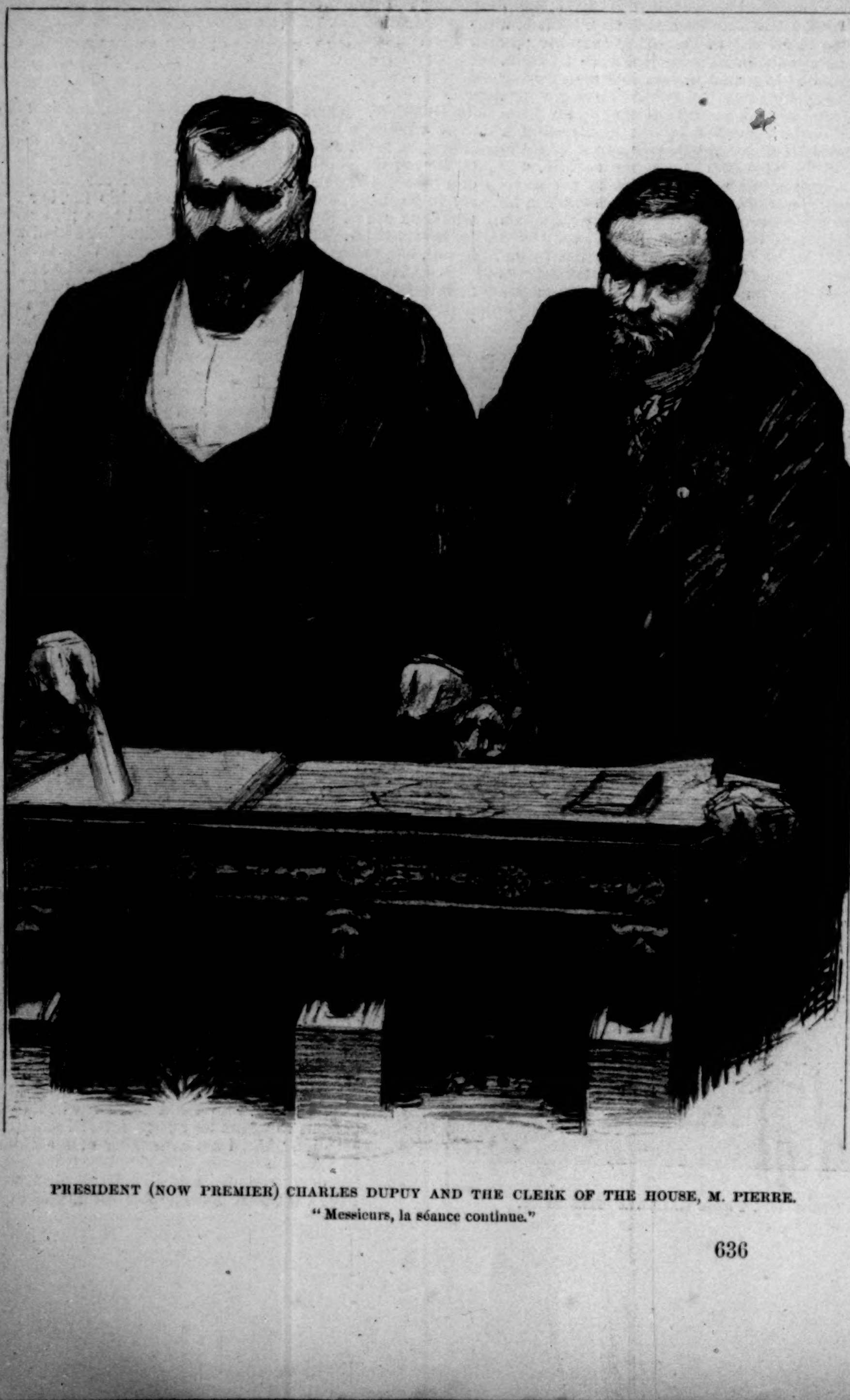
It would be a mistake to suppose, however, that the workmen Deputies are deficient in merit. In the first place, we find under this epithet men who, by their studies, antecedents, and professions have nothing in common with the workman. Some are professors of considerable talent, like M. Jaurès, or eminent lawyers, like M. Millerand, or poets, like Clovis Hugues. Not one of them, to my knowledge, has ever handled a tool. They nevertheless assume the title of workmen Deputies.. Others are publicans, or the chairmen of trades unions, who defend what they consider to be the working-men's interests, and who have come into power by so doing. But, I repeat, they are not workmen. There are, indeed, a few rare working-men in the Chamber—a miner, a barber, a hatter. The hatter's name is Favrot, and, strange to say, this man at the last general election beat M. Floquet, an ex-President of the Chamber, who, as everybody knows, has always worn a hat of peculiar shape.

The story has been told of a workman Deputy who, while visiting the Palais-Bourbon library, stopped in front of a row of books inscribed "Opera nulla." It is well known that in sumptuous libraries this title is usually placed on the dummies or sham covers of painted volumes intended to mask a corner of the room. "What!" exclaimed the Deputy, on reading the word "Opera," "you have music here?" "We have all kinds of works," responded the librarian, who is a very learned man. I think that the story is due to a fertile imagination, but it might be true.

All the new members, whether working-men, lawyers, or petty land-owners from the provinces, come to the Chamber with their pockets full of bills to be presented to Parliament. To hear these members talk you would suppose that nothing had ever been done before their arrival, that in a few weeks they would turn society upside down, and accomplish the most unexpected reforms. Henceforth everybody would be happy, misery would be done away with, every citizen would find employment, and taxation would be established on a mathematically equitable basis. A golden age would begin all around. Wait a few months, and all these new-comers will soon perceive that their predecessors were animated with the same good intentions, and that it is far easier to cherish a dream than to bring about its realization.

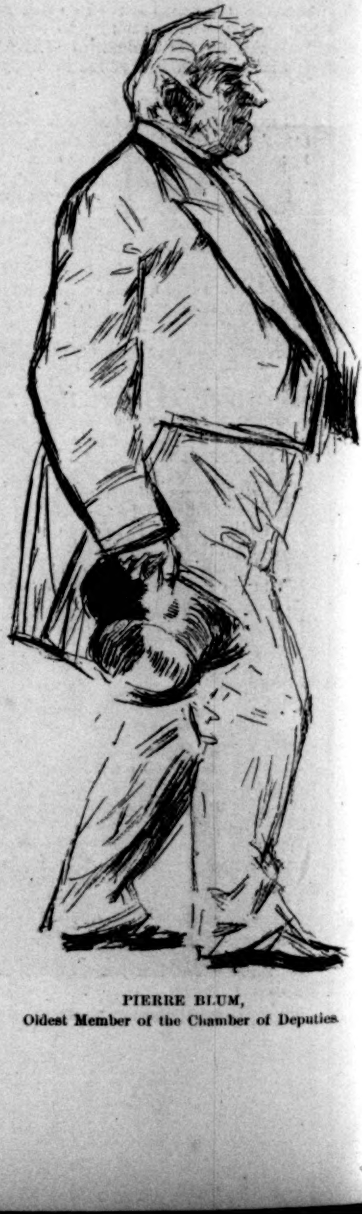
The first weeks of a new session are the Deputy's honey-moon, but his tribulations will soon begin. He will have to fulfil the promises made to his electors, lay the bills on the table, and discuss them at the tribune. The tribune! What an object of terror! It is the nightmare of the new Deputy. In the American Congress every member speaks from his seat; when he addresses the House he is surrounded by neighbors who are friendly. In the French Parliament a member is forbidden to speak from his seat; he must speak from the tribune. No sooner has he got there than he sees hundreds of opera-glasses levelled at him from the galleries. If he is ugly or deformed, awkward or embarrassed, the murmurs which at once spread throughout the Chamber will convince him that he is unfavorably received. If an equivocal expression or a word which may be twisted into a pun escape his lips, the whole House will burst into a roar of laughter.

In the last Chamber there was a Deputy who had a reputation for his adventures outside of Parliament. His name was Vergoin, and he was accounted a handsome man. One day M. Vergoin had to read a report to the House. This report was unimportant, but M. Vergoin happened to be the lion of the day. The rush for tickets of admission was something unusual on the part of the ladies, who all wished to see M. Vergoin. Before the sitting opened, the galleries were literally packed with spectators, for the most part ladies, as if some important political discussion were to take place. M. Vergoin was so impressed that he no longer dared to appear in the tribune; he sought everywhere for a colleague who would be willing to read the report in his stead. Every one refused, and M. Vergoin was on the point of giving up the attempt in despair, when he met a member who had just arrived. "My dear colleague," said M. Vergoin, "will you be so good as to read this report in my place? I have a bad throat and cannot speak." "Willingly," replied the other. "Then make haste, please," added M. Vergoin, "as the President is about to call up my affair." And as he said this he hurried the obliging Deputy towards the tribune. This Deputy, named Lafon, was as ugly to look at as a man can possibly be. He mounted the tribune with the help of a crutch and read the report. There was at once a sensational stir all over the Chamber. On every side the ladies, who were peering through their glasses at the speaker, gave way to exclamations of the deepest astonishment. "What!" said they, "is

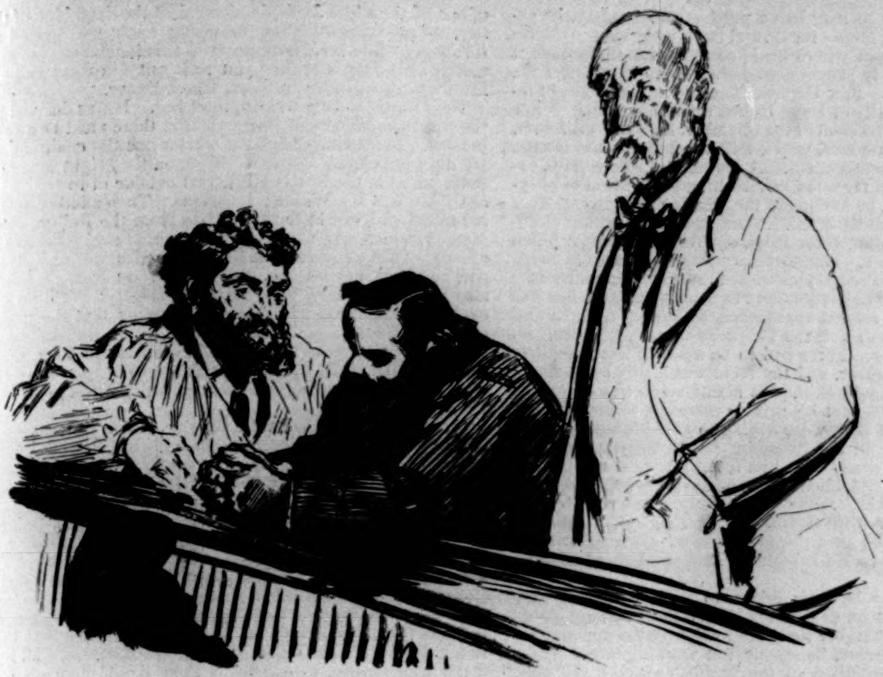


PRESIDENT (NOW PREMIER) CHARLES DUPUY AND THE CLERK OF THE HOUSE, M. PIERRE.

"Messieurs, la séance continue."

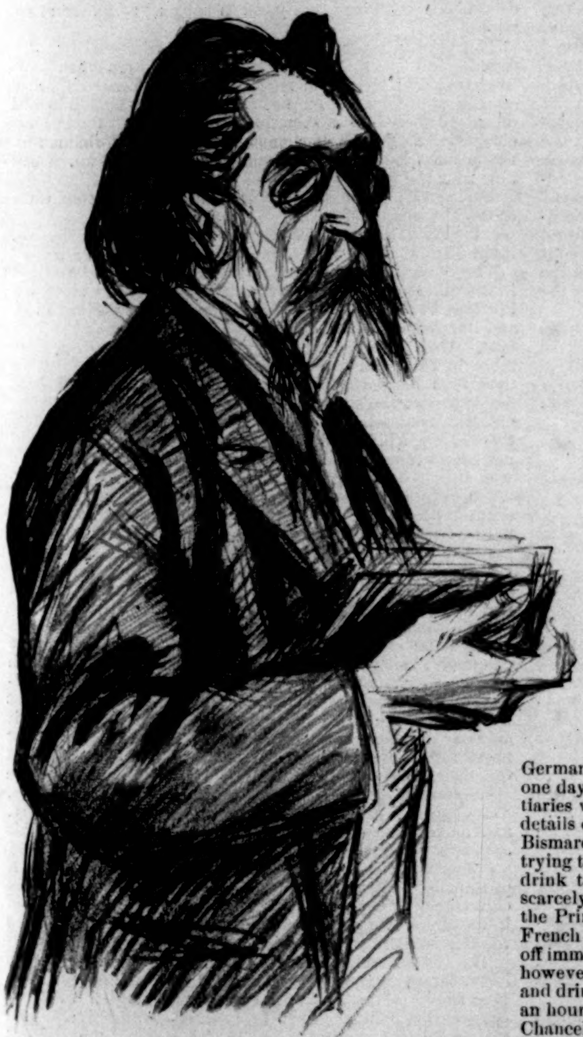


PIERRE BLUM,
Oldest Member of the Chamber of Deputies.



THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN.
Portraits of M. Thivrier (with his Blouse), M. Bandin (Working-Man), and General Cluseret (Socialist).

that the handsome Vergoin, the noted ladies' man?" "How ugly he is!" muttered one. "How coarse!" put in another. "But he is a downright monster!" ejaculated a third. The clamor soon became general. M. Lafon, who was far from suspecting the comical part he was playing, fancied that all the noise arose from the object of the report he was reading, and addressing the Chamber, said: "I have not come here to stir up passions!" At these words the entire House broke into a fit of Homeric laughter, and poor M. Lafon concluded his reading in the midst of an indescribable uproar. From that day, every time his friends met him in the lobby, they did not fail to remind him not to stir up the passions.

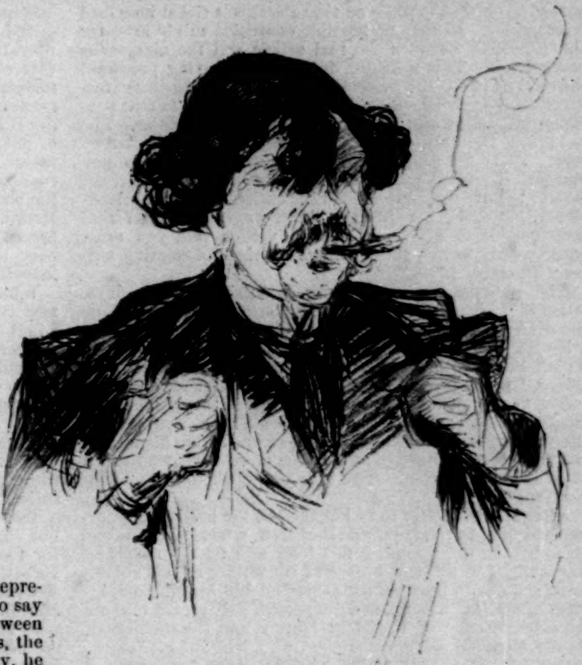


JULES GUESDE (SOCIALIST).

How many Deputies, for a clumsy word let fall in the course of an extemporaneous speech, have been compelled to disappear! In fact, there is scarcely a Deputy, even amongst the most eminent, to whom some celebrated phrase, reproduced from time to time by the newspapers, is not attributed. These accidents happen only to the debaters, and there is a large number of Deputies who have been members of the House for twelve or sixteen years and who have never dared to appear in the tribune. When they reach the Palais Bourbon for the first time, the Deputies boil over with zeal and enthusiasm. They have prepared a long speech, and learned it by heart. During entire weeks they were to be seen in the secluded alleys of the Bois de Boulogne rehearsing the same discourse over and over again; but when the moment came to face the tribune, their hearts failed them. To reach the Chamber they had to pass before the library, and on each side of the door there is a tall statue, one representing Demosthenes, the other Cicero, which seemed to say to the poor débutant, "What a difference there is between you and me!" If, to avoid the sight of these statues, the new member passed through the Casimir Périer gallery, he was confronted by the colossal bronze bass-relief of Dalou, representing Mirabeau, the great orator of the Revolution, in the act of replying to the envoy of Louis XVI., "Go tell your master that we are here by the will of the people, and that we shall leave only if compelled to do so by the force of bayonets." On every side the features of the great parliamentary orators are reproduced in bronze or marble. How dare approach a tribune that has been rendered illustrious by such eminent orators as General Foy and Casimir Périer, to cite only two! I have seen the bravest men swoon away at the very sight of the tribune steps. Thus, at the National Assembly, General Saussier, who is at present the General-in-Chief of the French army, fell down weak and faint after pronouncing a few words from the tribune. M. Buffet, who presided, at once exclaimed, "No one in this Assembly will be astonished to see that the tribune awakens more emotion than the din of the battle-field in the breast of the brave General Saussier."

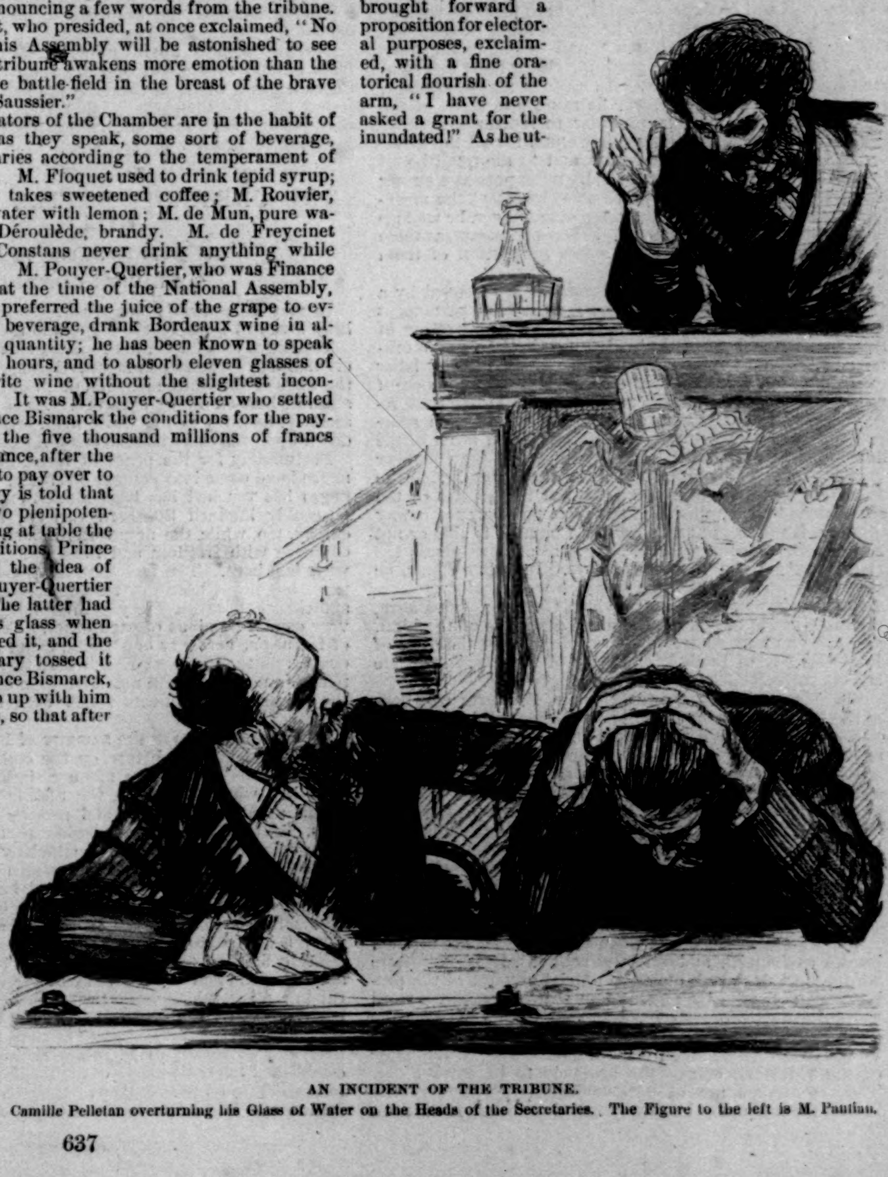
The orators of the Chamber are in the habit of sipping, as they speak, some sort of beverage, which varies according to the temperament of each one. M. Floquet used to drink tepid syrup; M. Ribot takes sweetened coffee; M. Rouvier, Seltzer-water with lemon; M. de Mun, pure water; M. Déroulède, brandy. M. de Freycinet and M. Constans never drink anything while speaking. M. Pouyer-Quertier, who was Finance Minister at the time of the National Assembly, and who preferred the juice of the grape to every other beverage, drank Bordeaux wine in almost any quantity; he has been known to speak for three hours, and to absorb eleven glasses of his favorite wine without the slightest inconvenience. It was M. Pouyer-Quertier who settled with Prince Bismarck the conditions for the payment of the five thousand millions of francs which France, after the war, had to pay over to Germany. The story is told that one day while the two plenipotentiaries were discussing at table the details of those conditions, Prince Bismarck conceived the idea of trying to make M. Pouyer-Quertier drink too much. The latter had scarcely emptied his glass when the Prince replenished it, and the French plenipotentiary tossed it off immediately. Prince Bismarck, however, had to keep up with him and drink in his turn, so that after an hour the great Chancellor felt his head grow rather heavy. He gave up the bout, and said to M. Pouyer-Quertier, "I see that wine has no great effect upon you." "Oh," replied the other, who had noticed Bismarck's attempt to fuddle him, "I can absorb almost any quantity; I can even swallow the glass itself." And suiting the action to the word, he ground Prince Bismarck's crystal glass between his teeth without even cutting his lips.

There are certain speakers who never drink, but who get so intoxicated with their own words that they give way to the most extravagant gestures. In England a member may address the House for an hour and produce considerable effect with his arms folded across his breast. To succeed in France a speaker must show more life; the words that fall from his lips must be emphasized, interpreted, repeated, as it were, by his gestures and by the attitude of his whole body. If you read one of Gambetta's speeches you will find it vigorous and full of eloquence. You will admire both the form and the substance. But had you heard Gambetta deliver that same speech, had you seen his head, with its energetic and finely chiselled features, had you witnessed his gestures, at once so powerful, so skilful, so caressing, and, to use a well-known expression, had you "heard the lion roar," then you would have felt yourself moved to the depths of your soul, and you would have understood why Gambetta swayed the multitude. No one has yet replaced Gambetta.



COUTANT (WORKING-MEN'S PARTY).

Those who are to be pitied in such cases of oratorical intoxication are the secretaries seated at the foot of the tribune, and who must draw up without the assistance of any short-hand writer an official and impartial account of the proceedings. How often have those poor secretaries been doused by spilt glasses or knocked on the head by objects falling from the tribune! One day M. Camille Pelletan, who denied ever having brought forward a proposition for electoral purposes, exclaimed, with a fine oratorical flourish of the arm, "I have never asked a grant for the inundated!" As he ut-



AN INCIDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.
Camille Pelletan overturning his Glass of Water on the Heads of the Secretaries. The Figure to the left is M. Pautian.

tered these words he toppled over his glass of sugar and water, which fell on to the back of one of the secretaries. The latter rose, shook himself, and said to the speaker, in a whisper, "Well, if you have never asked a grant for the inundated, you can do so now for me." Another day Bishop Freppel upset his glass of water over the head of a secretary who was a Protestant, and who, as everybody knew, edited a radical journal. "Provided it isn't holy-water!" exclaimed the secretary. And the entire House set up a laughing.

Two years ago the new law on butter was under discussion at the Chamber. The protectionists, who seek by every means to secure the French market for national products, had proposed a series of measures with the object of preventing the sale of margarine, which they alleged was a foreign article in competition with butter, a national staple. They began by asking that tradespeople who sold margarine should be obliged to place on the substance a ticket inscribed "margarine," so that no possible confusion might arise for the consumer between the real article and the oleaginous counterfeit. This measure, however, not having produced the desired effect, the protectionists asked that the manufacturers of margarine should be forbidden to give to that substance the yellow tint which makes it look like butter. The workmen Deputies thereupon protested. "Butter," they said, "costs too dear; working-men must be able to buy margarine. What you protectionists want is to compel the laborer to purchase butter, and thus enrich the wealthy landowner. We ask for freedom both ways. If you forbid tradespeople to give margarine a yellow tint, you must equally deny to rich agriculturists the right of coloring butter with carrot juice."

The question had been under discussion for two days, when M. Basly, a miner Deputy, undertook to explain how the coloring process was done. "The operation," said he, "is very simple"; and he drew from his pocket a little ball, which he held up before the Chamber. "This ball," he added, "is not injurious to health. You have only to let it fall a yard high on a lump of margarine to give the substance a fine yellow tint." The speaker had scarcely got through the sentence, when the ball escaped from his fingers and fell upon the head of one of the secretaries, who had a skull as bald as a coot. You may judge whether the members laughed.

After all, it is better to be knocked on the head by a coloring-ball than to receive grape-shot from a bomb like the one exploded in the Chamber not long ago by the anarchist Vaillant. The avowed object of the author of this abominable act was to frighten the Deputies; but his misdeed, instead of creating a panic, as he expected, only served to show the calm courage of President Dupuy, and the coolness of all the members of the Chamber, who, without confusion, continued the sitting, which was not even suspended a minute.

The workmen Deputies in particular like to exhibit at the tribune the objects about which they speak. During the discussion of the tariff law they daily displayed bits of silk or pieces of cotton stuffs. M. Basly once brought a miner's lamp, the better to explain its mechanism, and show that an explosion of fire-damp which had taken place in a mine could not, as the government claimed, be attributed to the imprudence of a miner, who, it was alleged, had opened the lamp to light his pipe. Another radical Deputy, who questioned the government on the subject of a struggle that had followed upon a strike wherein several persons had been killed, produced at the tribune the victim's blouse, which was pierced with bullets and maculated with blood. The effect he hoped to produce failed entirely on this occasion.

It is easy to understand that to preside over an assembly so numerous and so impressionable, where passions are rife and hatreds often violent, the President must possess certain qualities that are not often found united in the same man. In the first place, the presiding officer must represent the majority in the Chamber. He must be a good speaker, ever ready with prompt retort; he must lose sight of the party to which he belongs, in order to remain constantly impartial and hold the scales fairly equal for all the members. He must have sound health, and to the qualities of the mind add physical aptitudes. He must possess a strong voice, a quick ear, and sharp eye, so as to detect the meaning of the slightest gesture. He must, moreover, be well up in the rules of the House, which is no easy matter, as these rules are only in part written, a fair proportion of them consisting in precedents.

To aid him in his duties the President is seconded by a Clerk of the House, M. Pierre, who is a veritable permanent President. M. Pierre is the head of the administration of the Chamber, and one of the busiest men in France. Workmen are clamoring for a maximum of eight hours' labor every day; M. Pierre would content himself with one of twelve hours. From early morning he is at his post receiving the Deputies who come to consult him on some point of parliamentary law, and preparing the order of the day for the sitting. In the afternoon, while the Chamber is in session, usually from 2 to 7 P.M., he stands beside the President to advise him and point out the articles of the regulations to be applied. If any moot point occurs, or any question is raised as to whether the Chamber is able or not to do such or such a thing, M. Pierre at once places the answer before the President's eyes. In other words, he shows the way in which the question was decided at some former sitting, or by some previous Chamber. M. Pierre, who is a living encyclopædia on all questions of the kind, will tell you how such a point was decided in the days of Louis XVIII., of Louis Philippe, or of Napoleon III. He has his parliamentary annals at his finger ends.

Son of a parliamentary functionary, M. Pierre was born at the Palais Bourbon. He has lived there all his life, and will continue to live there until the end, for it would be equally as impossible to understand the Palais Bourbon without M. Pierre as it would be to see M. Pierre anywhere else than at the Palais Bourbon. Besides assisting the President during the sitting, M. Pierre is charged with the direction of all the functionaries belonging to the Chamber. It is he who, on days of excitement in the streets, receives the deputations that bring to the House the expression of their grievances. Ministers consult him on all delicate points of parliamentary procedure, and his opinion is taken as an authority in the matter.

When a sitting is stormy, when violent words are uttered, insults exchanged, and duels announced, it is M. Pierre who casts a final look over the official account of the proceedings, and who by a correction skilfully made, a word toned down or suppressed, re-establishes peace between the adversaries. When a member incurs a penalty prescribed by the rules of the House, it is M. Pierre who, in the name of the Chamber, causes the sentence to be carried out. These sentences are of various kinds. A Deputy who breaks the rules may be simply called to order; if his fault is more serious he may lose a portion of his salary, be excluded from the House for several days, or be shut up in the *petit local*, a room where he is confined for three days if after exclusion is pronounced he attempts to re-enter the Palais Bourbon. Few Deputies have gone the length of incurring the penalty of being locked up in this room. When Gambetta was President of the Chamber, M. Baudry d'Asson, a hot-tempered royalist, who is still a member of the House, underwent the punishment. A sentence of fifteen days' exclusion had been rendered against him, but instead of obeying the decision, he re-entered the building by a private door and took his seat as usual. Gambetta, after calling attention to this violation of the rules, ordered M. Baudry d'Asson to leave the House. The refractory Deputy refused to do so. The President thereupon instructed the colonel commanding the guard at the Palais Bourbon to see that the sentence was executed. The colonel approached M. Baudry d'Asson and gave him notice to quit the Palais Bourbon. "Never!" replied the Deputy. Force had to be used. Fifteen soldiers entered the Chamber, and the rebel was bodily ejected and marched to the *petit local*. At about eight o'clock in the evening Gambetta sent his private secretary to tell M. Baudry d'Asson that if he were willing to give his word of honor not to appear in the House before the expiration of the fifteen days, he would have him set at liberty at once. The royalist refused. An hour after, he rang the bell and asked for books to read. "Give him a copy of the rules of the House," wittily replied Gambetta. M. Baudry d'Asson soon became convinced that the first duty of a legislator is to obey those rules. He submitted, and was immediately released.

Whatever may be their origin, to whatever party they may belong, as soon as they are elected the Deputies are all equal. At the Chamber there are neither dukes nor princes, neither monseigneurs, bourgeois, nor working-men. There are only representatives of the people, enjoying the same rights and having the same duties. All get on well together, despite the idea which might be conveyed by reading a report of some of the stormy sittings, and more than once the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, meeting the workman Deputy Baudin in the lobby, has stepped aside to allow him to enter the Chamber, saying, with a bow, "After you, my dear colleague!"

The sittings usually come to an end about seven o'clock; but when the business in public sitting is closed it begins for the stenographers, who, during the night, write out a verbatim report of the proceedings, which appears in the *Journal Officiel* on the following morning. The preparation of this report is not always an easy task, as the Deputies, who are authorized by the rules to revise their speeches, are often inclined to modify the stenographer's work by increasing the number of favorable interruptions, such as "Hear! hear!" "Cheers!" etc. Conversations like the following are often overheard: "But, Mr. Short-hand-writer, you have forgotten to mention the cheers with which that phrase was received." "I think you must be mistaken," replies the stenographer; "I heard no cheers." Short-hand writers call these additional notes "the sauce." The origin of this expression dates from the Empire. One day an old Deputy was busy correcting his speech while the stenographer ate his supper. On reaching the end of his work the Deputy was surprised to find the word "cheers" omitted. He hunted up the short-hand writer to tell him so; but not finding him, wrote in pencil, "I think it lacks a little sauce." He then went away, leaving the manuscript on the stenographer's desk. About midnight the latter returned, glanced over the manuscript, and sent it off to the printer without noticing the observation pencilled by the Deputy. On the following morning the unfortunate phrase figured in the official *Moniteur*.

These are some of the little freaks and oddities inseparable from human nature, but they are soon forgotten when the Chamber as a whole is carefully studied. Then it will be found that the members of that body, to whatever party they belong, have only one ruling passion—the glory and greatness of France.

THE UNFOUGHT BATTLE OF SLEEPY HILLS.

A Fourth-of-July Story.

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH.

It may be abruptly but truthfully stated that there is little love lost between the negro and the Indian.

The negro looks upon the Indian as a savage incapable of civilization. The Indian regards the negro as a savage aping the ways of the white man, and despises him for ever having allowed himself to be enslaved. Each may, more or less secretly, look up to the white man, but each openly looks down upon the other as something far beneath him.

Fortunately for the peace of races, our Indian and our negro have come into contact but little; and the Indian the negro has touched has been almost exclusively the more peaceably inclined Southern variety; and even this was chiefly, too, while the negro was in a state of bondage, unendowed with freedom and fire-arms. The Indian has always had both. The fact that, for these physical reasons, there has never been any trouble between the two races is sufficient excuse for the general public ignorance of their very candid opinions of each other. Certainly the citizens of Harney's, Territory of Dakota, being most of them newcome from the Northern East, where there were neither Indians nor negroes, could not have been expected to know of the ingenuous sentiments which each entertained toward the other

It was as long ago as the summer of 1880. Harney's had been settled the fall before, on the completion of the railroad. It was settled in a manner similar to that adopted by a boy who goes out in the middle of the carpet and builds a card-board town, and peoples it with paper citizens. All of the wheat-growing parts of the Territory were colonized in this way—artificially as it were. That is, instead of pioneers and frontiersmen penetrating slowly in wagons and with mule-trains and building their homes in the wilderness, making the division between established civilization and unalloyed barbarism a broad and undefined belt, the railroad came first across the level plain (costing nothing to build), and then it brought the settlers and dumped them down here and there, occasionally a trainful in a place, which was a town, with other trainfuls peppered about on the prairie judiciously between the towns, which were the farmers. These settlers, received by the carload, and warranted to be prime Eastern lots, immediately established the same grade of civilization they had enjoyed in the East; and the result was that the line between civilization and barbarism was as sharply marked as the edge of one of the white June clouds against the deep blue of the sky. You attended your Browning Club, and helped to throw light into the dark corners of this ingenious poet as a matter of course; and then you rode out across the ridge a little way and admired a Sioux Ghost Dance.

The Fourth of July was approaching. It was decided by the patriotic citizens of Harney's that there must be a celebration. In casting about for attractions the chairman of the duly appointed committee hit upon the bright idea of a sham battle in the Sleepy Hills, just outside of town. This chairman was Mr. Waldon Hutchens. Then another member asked why not have the Indians from the Rolling Fork Agency, which was near by, take one side and citizens the other? Then another member had an inspiration. Why not, he asked, get some of the troops from Fort De Smet, also near at hand, to take the other side? "We'll do it!" exclaimed Chairman Hutchens, recognizing that the evolution of the idea could go no further. "It 'll make Rome howl, and lay over any other celebration in the Territory!" Chairman Hutchens was an enterprising young man of the Harvard class of seventy-something, and knew a good idea when he saw it.

It happened that the 144th Cavalry, which was stationed at Fort De Smet, was a negro regiment. It seemed as if they were the darkest-colored Africans ever got together. They were big, strong, active fellows, and presumably good soldiers, but their complexions were undeniably dark.

Chairman Hutchens was extremely friendly with Colonel Poinsette, commandant at Fort De Smet, and no sooner had he recovered from the first flash of the brilliancy of the mock-battle idea than he hurried away to consult this officer. Colonel Poinsette hesitated about allowing his men to take part, but when the fact that they would no doubt look upon it in the light of a lark of the first magnitude, and that they richly deserved a little play spell, he relented, and said that if the men desired to engage in it he would give his consent. So the chairman went in search of some of the soldiers to sound them on the subject. Fortunately one Yancy, a sort of a leader of the men when they were off on furlough—in civil life he would certainly have been a politician, and perhaps got into the Legislature—was found in town, and the chairman approached him. To his surprise, Private Yancy did not fall in with the idea readily. He gazed away at the Sleepy Hills, and said:

"No, sah, I reckon us soldiers wouldn't keer about having no sham battle with them things." The private put a marked emphasis on the word sham, and by things he of course meant the proud-spirited red man.

"But," went on the chairman, in an insinuating tone, "it will be a regular picnic for you fellows. The Colonel, I think, will leave the command in the hands of the non-commissioned officers, and you can have more fun than a bale of monkeys. We'll furnish each one of you with one hundred blank cartridges, and you can bang away all the afternoon."

The private again gazed away at the Sleepy Hills. "I dun'no', sah," he said. "Us soldiers don't keer much 'bout 'sociating with Injuns in sham battles." There was still a considerable emphasis on the sham. Then, as he still looked off at the blue hills, a thoughtful expression came into his conspicuous white eyes, and he added: "But I s'pose, sah, that a sham battle might be better 'n no battle at all. I will talk with the men about it, sah."

The upshot of the matter was that the private soon came to the chairman and said,

"I reckon, sah, that we *would* like the sham battle, sah, if the Kunnel don't object, and the folks here wants us to."

The chairman caught the reflection of a mysterious light in the other's expanse of eye as he rolled it away along the low tops of the Sleepy Hills. But he thought nothing of it, and hurried off to consult old Mad Wolf, chief of the Indians. Mad Wolf had a leading part in the Minnesota massacre in 1862, and was reputed still to have the scalps he took then hidden away, some of them covered with long fine hair—women's hair—or shorter, but still soft and silky—children's hair—babies' hair. But he had long since laid by the scalping-knife, and drew without complaint the neat but not gaudy rations dealt out by a paternal government. He was sitting on the ground, smoking a pale-face cigarette, when approached by the chairman, who duly set forth the sham-battle idea. He was careful to elucidate the sham point of the proposed affair, so as not to raise any hopes not justified by the facts in the bosom of the ancient warrior. But the Indian seemed to understand only too clearly. He snorted a cloud of cigarette smoke from his nostrils, grunted in a strong negative tone, and said,

"No want to play with Niggers."

Then the chairman launched forth his most persuasive eloquence, using all the arguments which had availed with Private Yancy, and such others as he conceived would appeal to a more savage breast. He had at first proposed that the Indians fight with bows and arrows, to give the affair an early-day tone, but thinking that the idea of guns might move the chief more easily, now told him that they might use their repeating rifles, the citizens to furnish them the same number of blank cartridges that they did the negroes. The chairman paused. The chief grunted less negatively, and looked at the horizon. The chairman clutched at his apparent advantage.

"Big time!" he exclaimed, throwing his arms about as if attempting picture-writing on the air. "One hundred blank cartridges! Heap noise! Shoot all day! Make believe you kill soldiers every time you fire! Wooden scalping-knives to scalp soldiers! Make soldiers heap run! Whoop!"

The Indian remained unmoved, but he gazed off at the hazy, far-away horizon, and seemed lost in thought. The blue smoke of his cigarette curled away, and it went out between his fingers. Then he grunted—affirmatively—and rose to his feet gracefully, and as if it cost not the slightest exertion. He drew himself up to his full height, and said, scarcely parting his lips:

"All right. We sham-fight Niggers. Send up cartridges."

The elated chairman rushed back to Hadley's and reported his success. At a public meeting that evening to consider further the celebration project a special vote of thanks was given him for his good work.

Long before the sun peeped over the Sleepy Hills on the morning of the Fourth Hadley's was astir. It was to be the greatest day of the young town's existence. Crowds of people were expected from the surrounding country and from the neighboring towns. It had been decided to hold the races and other minor amusements for the populace in the forenoon, with the great sham battle at 2 P.M. The morning programme passed off acceptably. The most important "event" was the three-minute trotting race, free for all, best three in five, which was won by the County Treasurer's bay mare, Mrs. Langtry, in 3.07, although good judges pronounced the track fully two seconds slow. But the people merely endured these things, and held back their enthusiasm for the mock fight.

It had been arranged that the troops should mass themselves in the square in front of the Massachusetts Hotel, there to await the attack of the Indians. These were to dash up from across the prairie, and shout madly and fire their guns as they circled around the town. At the second turn the soldiers were to dash out, and in a quick sharp engagement put the Indians to flight, who would retreat to the near-by Sleepy Hills, followed by the others, where all would dismount, and a general ambuscade and bushwhacking fight would follow as long as the blank cartridges lasted, the citizens in the mean time to have gathered in the grand stand of the race-track to witness the mimic slaughter.

At two o'clock everything was ready. The troops, three hundred strong, were in the square, looking firm (and dark) and determined. The non-commissioned officers were bursting with martial pride. Each man carried his carbine, and the belts stuffed with blank cartridges looked formidable enough. Suddenly the first far-off whoop of the coming savages smote the ear of the spectator and soldier. At this precise second Colonel Poinsette, who had been observing his men from the balcony of the hotel, was seen striding across the square as nearly on a run as was consistent with commanding-officer dignity.

"Dismount!" he thundered, pointing a rattan cane at the first man in the line.

It happened to be Private Yancy. With a movement like some sort of an ingenious factory machine the private obeyed, and stood gazing into space with a rigidity which gave the sympathetic beholder a crick in his back.

"Take off that boot!" and the rattan cane, after a vicious swish, pointed at the private's left leg. Yancy gave a sudden start, drew a quick breath, but obeyed, balancing himself on his other foot and drawing the boot off slowly and with much care, keeping its leg upright.

"Turn it over!" roared the Colonel. The poor private did so. Out on the dusty ground, with a dull rattle, rolled fifty regulation ball-cartridges, long, heavy, villanous cylinders, with seventy grains of deadly powder packed back of nobody knows how much murderous lead. A glance showed the startled spectator that the leg of every cavalry boot in the line was of abnormal bigness.

"Stop those Indians!" shouted Colonel Poinsette, turning to Chairman Hutchens. The chairman rushed away, followed by half the crowd.

He reached the edge of the town just as the Indians were beginning to circle about it, whooping and shooting promiscuously into the air. "Halt!" he yelled to Chief Mad Wolf, in a tone which made even that hardened savage think that it was best to obey. Around a loose blouse he wore the belt of blank cartridges, with the wooden scalping-knife stuck in it.

"Get off!" said Hutchens. The chief slid to the ground, too astonished to remonstrate. The chairman strode forward and pulled open the blouse. Under it was another belt, bursting with ball-cartridges, big, thick, bottle-necked Winchesters; and at the side was an old Hudson Bay Company scalping-knife, with deer-horn handle, the long blade newly ground and polished. Every Indian was similarly provided. The great sham battle of the Sleepy Hills was declared off.

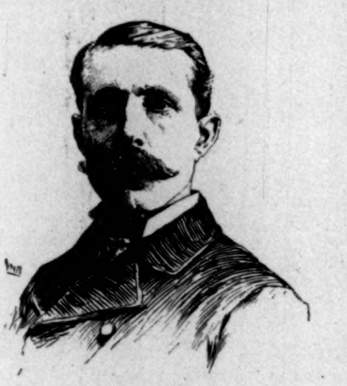
The most that either the Indians or the negroes would ever admit was that they took along the ball-cartridges so as to have them "in case anything should happen." But nobody doubted that if they had got out in the hills something would have happened.

THE LATE PROFESSOR HERBERT TUTTLE, L.H.D.,

OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY, SCHOLAR AND HISTORIAN.

The late Professor Herbert Tuttle, of Cornell University, who died on Thursday, June 21st, from a general breakdown in the nature of paresis, at Binghamton, New York, was a widely known scholar and historian.

He was born November 29, 1846, at Bennington, Vermont. He was graduated from the University of Vermont in 1869. He followed journalism as a profession from the time of his graduation until 1880, spending a considerable portion of that period as correspondent of the London *Daily News* and New York papers at Berlin. He became Lecturer on International Law at the University of Michigan in 1880, and on the same subject and Political Science at Cornell University in 1881—President White, then Minister to Germany, having met him in Berlin, and become greatly impressed with his ability, securing his services for Cornell.



THE LATE PROFESSOR HERBERT TUTTLE.

He became Associate Professor of History and Theory of Politics and of International Law in 1883, Professor of the History of Political and Municipal Institutions and of International Law in 1887, and of Modern European History in 1891, which chair he continued to hold until his death.

He was the author of the *History of Prussia to the Accession of Frederick the Great*, in one volume, and the *History of Prussia under Frederick the Great*, in two volumes. They are standard authorities on the subjects of which they treat, and were to have been continued. He published several other valuable works, and was a contributor to the leading periodicals.

He was one of the ablest scholars and lecturers ever at Cornell. As a lecturer he at once commanded the attention of his hearers by his comprehensive treatment of the subject under consideration, and by his conciseness and clearness of statement.

He was highly respected and admired by his colleagues and students. He was a member of the local Delta Psi College Fraternity at his *alma mater*, and also of Phi Beta Kappa.

Murray E. Poole.

THE ADVENTURES OF JONES.

XVI.—RAPID RISE OF A DUCK-GROWER.

"Ever since I went to the poultry show," said Jackson Peters, "I have felt interested in chickens. I wish I had some."

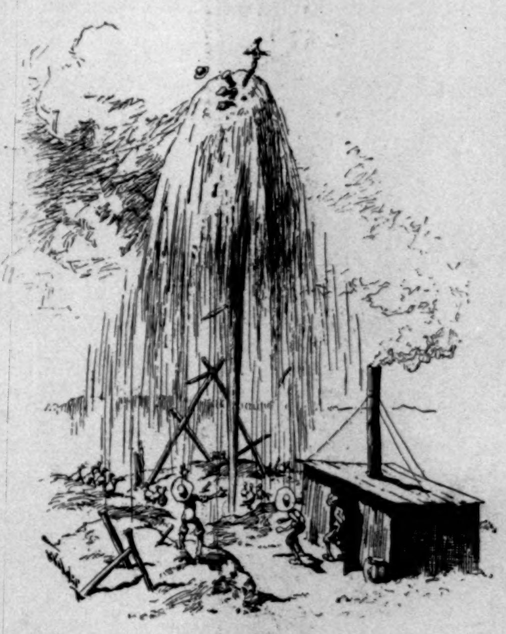
"Yes," observed Robinson, "it wouldn't be a bad idea for you to keep a few good fowls in your room. They could roost on the foot of your bed, and you could make nests for the hens in your last year's hats, and coop your chicks in the grate, and—"

"I believe, Robinson, that you are becoming almost as facetious as Jones. You should be careful that the attack does not run into a low form of improbable adventures. What I want to do is to go out into the country and raise chickens."

"Why not ducks?" inquired Jones, in a serious and interested tone.

"Well, they might be all right. I could get a place where there was plenty of water and raise ducks."

"Yes, ducks need water; but I have a theory that it is best to go where there is no water naturally, get it in some way, and then raise them there."



"Why?"

"More demand for them where they are scarce, and therefore a better price," answered Jones. "Go out to the arid region, Jackson, to start your duck ranch."

"Well, there may be something in that," replied Jackson, much interested. "What place would you recommend?"

"I tried Dakota," said Jones, softly.

"Oh, you've tried it, have you?" returned Jackson, suspiciously, beginning to catch the drift of the other's remarks.

"Certainly, Jackson. I was just going to tell you about it."

"Very self-sacrificing of you, I am sure. No doubt you utilized their voice and set up a thousand-quack-power motor, or—"

"Now hold on, my young friend; this is not a debate in the Senate, but a serious discussion of weighty agricultural problems. If you will listen you may learn much. When I decided several years ago to engage in duck culture I went out to Dakota. I first called on the Governor. 'Governor,' I said, 'for what is there the greatest demand in your Territory?' 'English capitalists,' he replied. 'I would gladly start a ranch to raise that sort of stock if I could,' I answered; 'but you see how impossible it is. For what practical product is there the heaviest demand?' 'Ducks,' replied the Governor; 'there is not a duck in the Territory.' 'But they require water,' I said. 'Irrigate 'em,' returned the Executive."

"But," interposed Jackson Peters, "couldn't the settlers raise them along the rivers?"

"So I hinted to the Governor. 'There's the Jim River,' I said to him; 'there's a place for ducks to swim.' 'Not deep enough,' answered the Governor.' 'Well, the Missouri, then.' 'Too thick.' The upshot of it was that I went down into Brulé County, bought some land, sent to Illinois for five hundred prime live ducks, and began boring an artesian well.

"When my well was down something like a thousand feet, and still no sign of water, I became anxious, and spent much of my time about the mouth of it. The ducks were also becoming impatient, and would cluster about the hole, six inches in diameter, peer down it, and quack in a thirsty voice which touched me deeply. One day while my workmen were sharpening their drill I was leaning over the hole, measuring its depth with a small cord and weight, when suddenly, with a terrific explosion and a roar which shook the earth, a stream of water burst out of the hole and shot one hundred feet into the air. Being directly over it, I was of course carried up, along with one duck. The first thing I realized was of being tossed up and down on the top of the column of water, precisely as you will sometimes see a small ball tossed up and down by the central jet of a lawn fountain.

"Gentlemen, I am not ashamed to admit that for a moment I was frightened. The top of the stream spread to a foot and a half in diameter, and was soft and foamy. It rose and fell somewhat, and I was gently bounced up and down on my face. I had seized the duck by the legs while coming up, that he might not be injured, but I now released him and turned over and sat upright. My workmen and neighbors came rushing up to the well, but though I could see them making signs, I could hear nothing, owing to the frightful roar of the escaping waters, which was as great as that of Niagara. The duck floundered about at my side and quacked with joy, but I own that I was somewhat disturbed by the prospect. I dared not jump off, on account of the height. As for sliding down the column, it was impossible to make any headway against the terrific upward current. I saw I was in for a considerable stay, so decided to make the best of it. I signalled my men to send up some dinner, a newspaper, and a handful of corn for the duck. This they did, enclosing all in a stout tin can, and I soon refreshed myself and began looking over the paper, finding especial interest in an article on 'The Advantage of the Artesian Well on the Farm.' The duck ate the corn out of my hand, and seemed grateful. After finishing the paper I tossed it off and allowed it to flutter to the ground, and spent the rest of the afternoon in surveying the neighborhood, my elevation giving me a fine prospect in all directions.

"After supper, which was sent up as dinner had been, I began to think about sleeping accommodations. Finally I signalled my men to send me up a cot, which they did simply by throwing it into the column of water as they had the other things. It came up and struck me with considerable force, but balanced nicely on top of the stream, which now flattened out rather more, and I soon retired, placing the duck on the foot of the bed. I slept quite well, though I woke up once or twice, possibly from the novelty of the surroundings.

"The days which followed were much like the first. My meals were sent up regularly, together with books and papers, and I spent most of my time in reading, and teaching the duck many interesting tricks. People came for miles to see me in my odd position, and I was an immense boon to local photographers. I also wrote a series of articles for the *Territorial Agriculturist* on 'The Artesian Well Outlook,' and others on 'How the Farmer May Rise in the World,' and 'Ups and Downs of Duck Culture.' I may say that these met with much favor, and were widely quoted and commented upon. Friends have sometimes chided me for not devoting more of my time to work with the pen."

Jones stopped abruptly and gazed into the fire.

"Well," said Smith, after a pause, "you forget that you are down now."

"Yes, that's so; I am. But I staid up there six weeks. It was in the latter part of October when I went up. Early in December there came a cold snap and froze the column of water solid. Tossing my duck off, which readily flew to the ground, I took a rope previously sent up, tied it to my cot, which was frozen on top of the stream, and slid to terra firma, and received the congratulations of my friends. That, I think, is all."

Jackson Peters moved about uneasily in his chair for a few moments. Then he said,

"Well, your duck farm was a success, I suppose?"

"A decided one, Jackson. Next summer the ducks soon learned to hop into the stream, ride up, fly off, and repeat the performance. They thus avoided the work of swimming, and turned the energy so saved to the production of feathers and eggs. There was a procession of ducks going up the column of water and fluttering off the top all day long, as if it were a duck volcano. A correspondent of a New York paper, a somewhat superficial observer, conceived it (with slight help from me) to be such in reality, and sent an interesting despatch to his sheet, entitled, 'Great Duck Geyser!—Immense Vein of Natural Ducks Tapped in Dakota.—A Discharge of 300 Prime Live Fowls Per Minute.—Proposed Pipe-Line to Tide-Water.'

"Yes, Jackson, my duck farm was a success; and if you embark in the business I advise you to go to the arid belt. But avoid leaning over your artesian well, unless you are interested in the study of the upper atmospheric strata."

H. C.

THE SPIDER.

The spider, black, uncanny, and malign,
Must have a fancy delicate and fine,
To spin such airy fairy webs as those
That at my window climb from rose to rose.

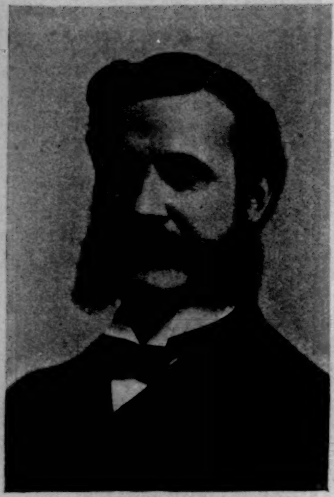
R. K. Munkittrick.

THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

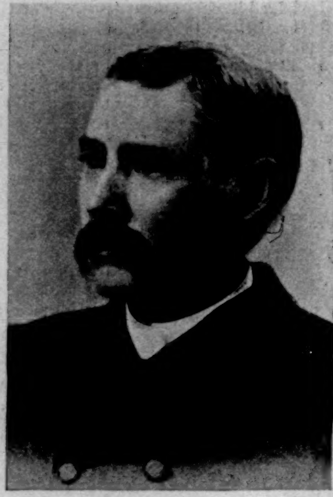
On July 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th the National Educational Association holds its annual meeting at Asbury Park, New Jersey. This great organization of teachers has been in existence since 1857; but it did not take its present name until 1870, and did not assume national importance until 1884. Now it attracts thousands of teachers, and thousands who are not teachers as well, from every corner of the United States, and holds vast audiences to listen for four days to the discussion of educational questions. The coming meeting will probably be as large as any that have preceded it, and more important than most of them. One reason for this is that nearly every prominent leader of educational thought in this country expects to be present, and another is the fact that the Committee of Ten will formally submit the famous report that has been so much studied and discussed during the past six months, and an earnest debate upon its recommendations is likely to follow.

In order to provide ample opportunity for the study of special problems the main association is divided into ten departments. The association meets every morning and evening during the four days, while the departments occupy the afternoons. Some idea of the attractiveness and value of the proceedings may be gathered from the following summary of the programme of the main association's meetings. The leading speakers are to be President Scott, of Rutgers College; Dr. J. A. McLellan, of the Toronto (Canada) Normal School; Secretary of the Interior Hoke Smith; President Cook, of the State Normal School, Illinois; Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, of Cambridge, Massachusetts; Commissioner of Education W. T. Harris; Principal J. C. MacKenzie, of Lawrenceville; Professor McMurry, of the University of Illinois; President De Garmo, of Swarthmore College; President Stanley Hall, of Worcester; and Bishop John H. Vincent, of Omaha. "The Ethical Aim of Teaching Literature," "Education for Citizenship," "Professional Training of Teachers," "The Influence of the Higher Education of a Country upon its Elementary Schools," "The Committee of Ten's Report," "Moral Training," and "Child Study" are the main topics to which these speakers will address themselves.

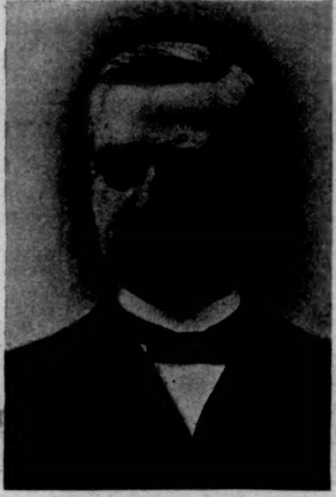
There are fully equipped departments on the following



ALBERT G. LANE,
Superintendent of Schools, Chicago. President National Educational Association.

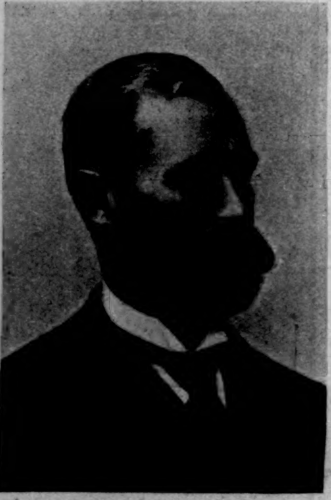


J. M. GREENWOOD,
Kansas City, Missouri. Treasurer National Educational Association.

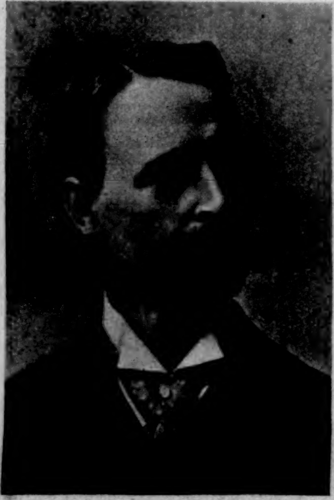


IRWIN SHEPARD,
President State Normal School, Winona, Minnesota. Secretary National Educational Association.

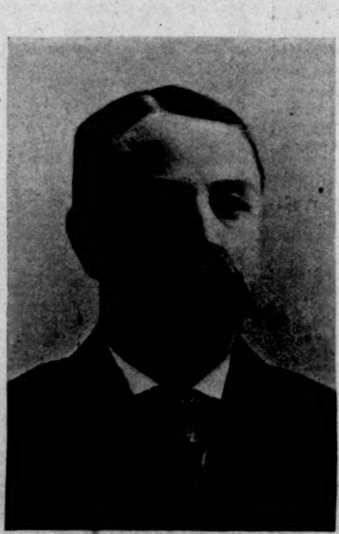
E. H. COOK, PH.D.,
Flushing, Long Island. Vice-President National Educational Association.



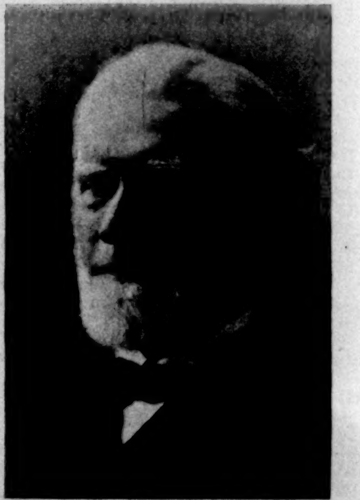
CHARLES DE GARMO,
President of Swarthmore College.



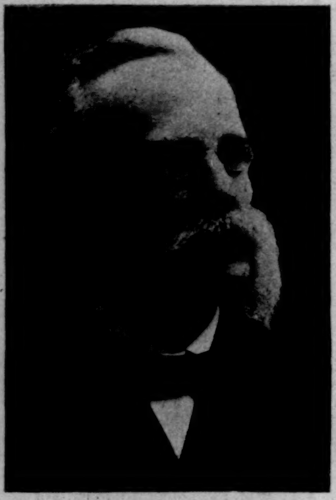
JAMES L. HUGHES,
Public-School Inspector, Toronto, Canada.



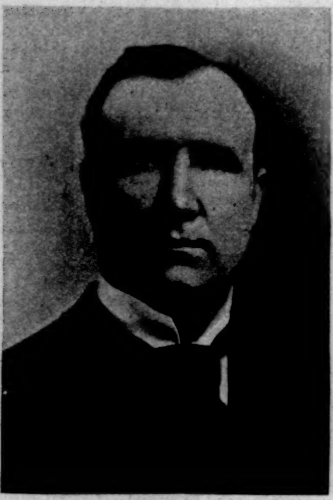
JOHN W. COOK,
President Illinois State Normal School.



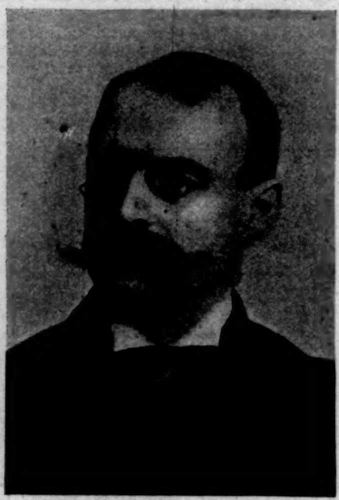
NORMAN A. CALKINS,
Assistant Superintendent of Schools, New York.



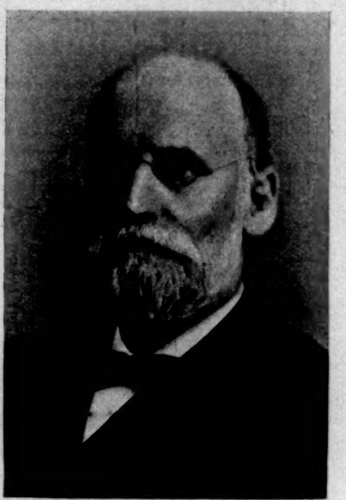
E. W. COY,
Principal Hughes High-School, Cincinnati, Ohio.



HON. HOKE SMITH,
Secretary of the Interior.



ADDISON B. POLAND,
State Superintendent of Instruction, New Jersey.



W. T. HARRIS,
Commissioner of Education, Washington, D. C.

special subjects: Kindergarten, Elementary Education, Secondary Education, Higher Education, Normal Education, Manual and Individual Education, Art Education, Music Education, Business Education, and Child Study. In addition there is a Herbart Club, and a series of Round Table conferences conducted by eminent pedagogical and psychological specialists.

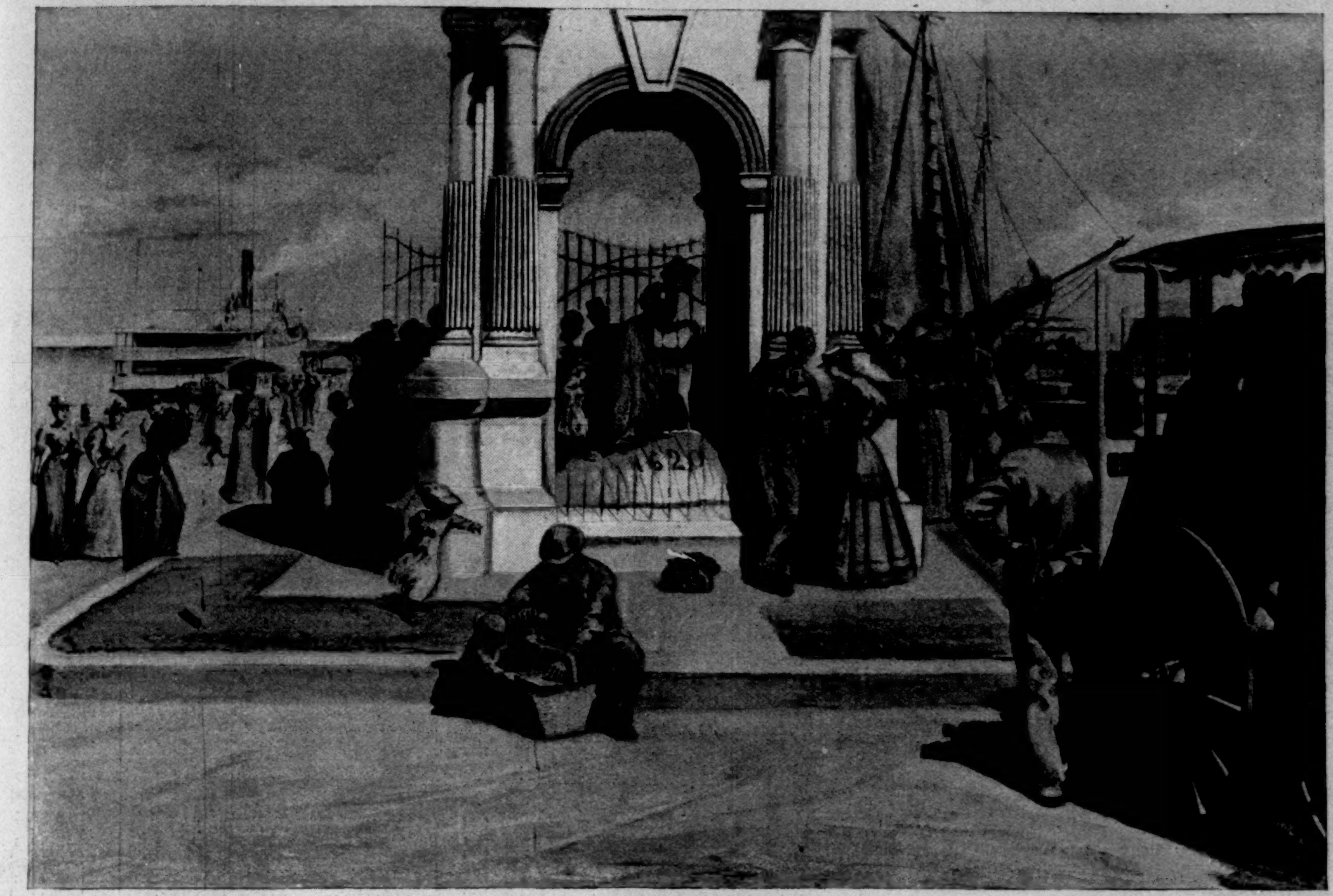
The National Council of Education, composed of sixty picked men chosen for their eminence in educational work, meets on July 6th, and continues in session until the 10th, presided over by Principal E. W. Coy, of the Hughes High-School, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Until 1892 the N.E.A., as it is usually called by teachers, took no positive steps towards the study of educational problems, but in that year the progressive element in the membership succeeded in having the Committee of Ten appointed to investigate the secondary school problem, and secured an appropriation of $2500 for the expenses of the investigation. The success of this step and the great popularity of the committee's report have made the association widely known, and won for it increased attention and respect.

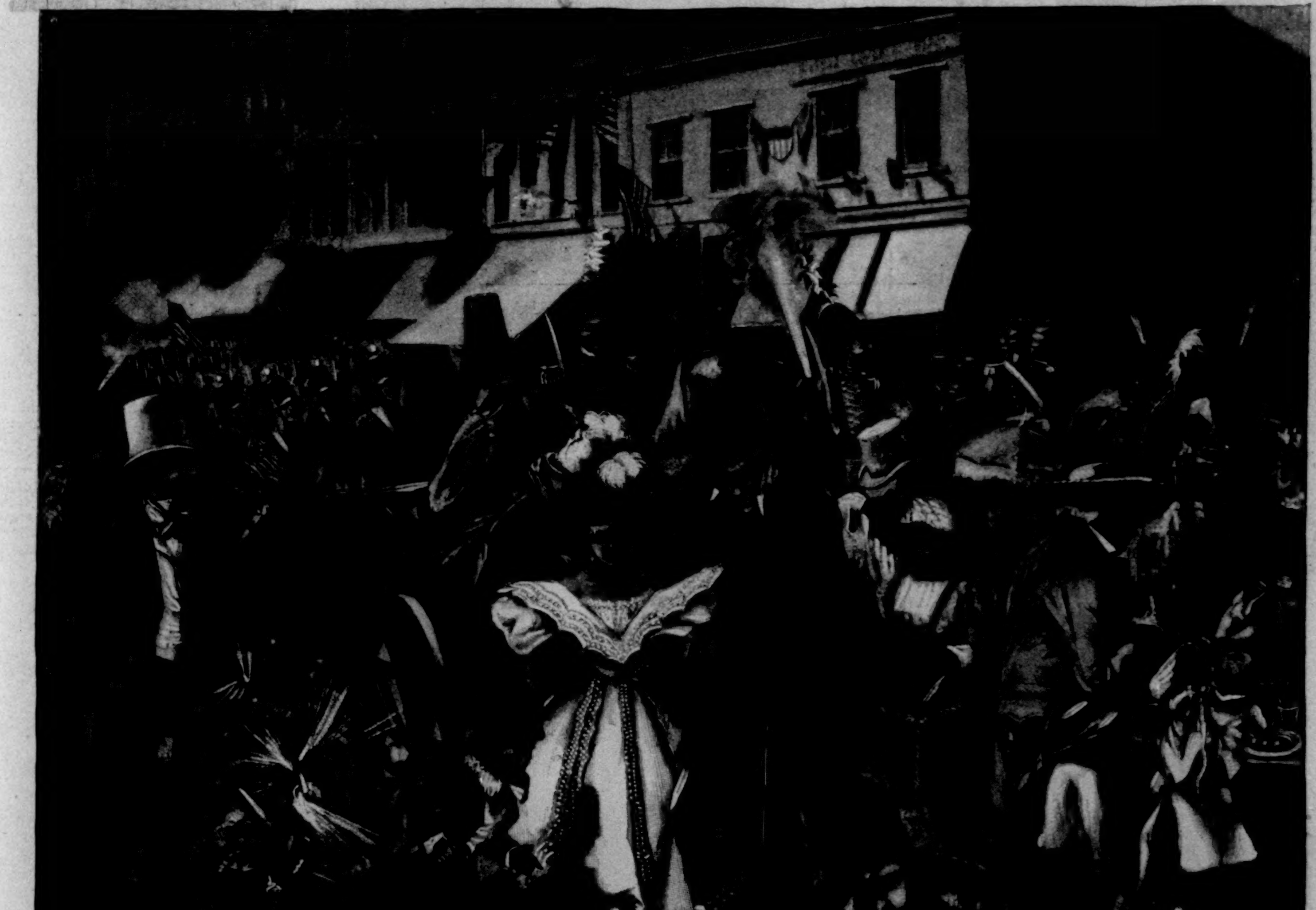
The representative character of the N.E.A. is worthy of notice. When it met at Saratoga in 1892, Nevada was the only State unrepresented. At Toronto in 1891, Arizona, Nevada, and Idaho alone sent no members. At St. Paul in 1890, Utah and Idaho were missing; while at San Francisco in 1888, Florida alone failed to contribute to the membership. Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Missouri are the States that contribute the largest membership, even when the meetings are held in the East. This year, however, the State pride of New Jersey is enlisted, and an enormous enrolment from that State is looked for.

The executive officers of the association for 1893-4 are: President, A. G. Lane, Superintendent of Schools, Chicago, Illinois; Vice-President, E. H. Cook, Associate Editor of the *Educational Review*, Flushing, New York; Secretary, Irwin Shepard, President of the State Normal School, Winona, Minnesota; Treasurer, J. M. Greenwood, Superintendent of Schools, Kansas City, Missouri; Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Norman A. Calkins, Assistant Superintendent of Schools, New York city; President of the National Council of Education, E. W. Coy, Principal of the Hughes High-School, Cincinnati, Ohio.

It was under the auspices of the National Educational Association that the great series of international congresses of education was held at Chicago, July 25-8, 1893. The proceedings of those congresses have just been issued by the association in a handsome volume of over a thousand pages. Here are brought together the reports of papers and discussions that for variety and general interest probably take the first place among educational publications. No teacher, whatever may be the special form or type of his work, will search this great volume in vain for topics of interest to himself. Discussions on education in art, technology, and business methods stand side by side with those on universities, colleges, high-schools, and educational psychology. The papers in this collection that are most likely to survive and be referred to in future years are those by President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, on "American University Development"; Professor Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, on "The Antecedent Liberal Education to be Required of Students of Law, Medicine, and Theology"; Professor Chevrillon, of Lille, on "The Study of English Literature in French Universities"; Principal J. C. MacKenzie, of Lawrenceville, New Jersey, on "State Supervision of Private Schools"; Dr. N. G. W. Lagerstedt, of Stockholm, on "The Educational System of Sweden"; Professor J. M. Hoppin, of Yale, on "Methods of Art Education"; Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, on "The Place of Reality in Philosophy"; Professor Josiah Royce, of Harvard, on "The Basis of Psychology"; and Professor Ormond, of Princeton, on "The Soul." The Congress of Experimental Psychology, which attracted much attention at the time, is very disappointing as reported in the volume. As a rule, it may be said that the universities contributed nearly all that was valuable to these congresses. There is a marked difference in the report of those in which university teachers and university-trained men did not appear.



SUMMER EXCURSION TO PLYMOUTH—PLYMOUTH ROCK.—Drawn by George Errington.—[See Page 631.]



HAVE WE IMPROVED UPON OUR MANNER OF CELEBRATING THE FOURTH?

Looking South on Broadway from Corner of Cortlandt Street, 1834.—Drawn by Dan Beard.—[See Page 643.]

WHAT WE PAY TO BE GOVERNED.

BY J. K. UPTON.

DURING the census year 1890, according to recent publications, the people of the United States paid to support their national, State, and local governments, including the postal service and schools, the enormous amount of $915,954,055, distributed as follows:

National government, including postal service	$352,218,614
State, Territorial, and District, except for public common schools	77,105,911
County, except for public common schools, partly estimated	114,575,401
Municipal, except for public common schools, partly estimated	232,988,592
For public common schools	139,065,537

The amount included as "partly estimated" in the above statement is less than seven per cent. of the aggregate involved. Of the counties and municipalities not reported, and for which estimates were made, the tax levy constituting the principal source of revenue was known in every case, and the expenditures of these places would be practically restricted in amount to the receipts from this source, thus indicating very closely the amount expended.

The objects of the expenditures are reported as follows:

Pensions and other charities	$146,895,671
Educational purposes and public common schools	145,583,115
Interest on debt	82,748,423
Roads, sewers, ditches, and bridges	72,262,023
Postal service	66,259,547
Public buildings and sites, construction and purchase separately reported	38,890,970
Salaries separately reported, fees, and commissions	37,552,665
Military purposes	35,537,611
Police	23,934,376
Judiciary, including county courts, inquests, and inquiries	23,071,075
Public buildings and sites, care and maintenance, including construction, not separately reported	17,950,177
Executive departments	16,770,801
Fire	16,423,820
Naval establishment, except for new vessels	15,174,403
Penal and reformatory institutions	12,381,425
Improving harbors and rivers	11,737,438
Lighting	11,363,780
Congress and legislative	10,485,826
Constructing new war-vessels	6,831,803
Indians	6,708,047
Health	3,280,294
Public parks and places	2,962,697
Foreign intercourse	1,648,277
Miscellaneous	109,499,801

Including only the deficiency in the postal revenue, the amount of which was paid from general revenues, the per capita of national, State, and local expenditures for 1890 as shown above was $13 65. With the known increased expenditures, however, by the national government since 1890 for pensions, it is safe to say that the people of the United States now expend through their several governments one billion of dollars per annum, or about $16 per capita.

The first and largest item of expenditures in 1890, it will be seen, was for pensions and charities. In the archives of no other government can such a record be found, and it challenges the correctness of the oft-repeated assertion that republics are ungrateful.

The next item in amount is for public common schools, for which purpose nearly as much was spent as in caring for the ex-soldiers and the unfortunate of every class. The amount of the two items, $292,478,786, constituted nearly one-third of the total expenditures in 1890, excluding those for the postal service, and of the remainder a large portion was spent for constructing roads, bridges, ditches, and sewers, for protection against fire and disease, for improving rivers and harbors, constructing new buildings and works, supporting and educating the Indians, and in caring for public parks. None of these expenditures, however worthy and desirable they may be, are necessarily incidental to the maintenance of a government. Omitting these and like items, the normal expenditures of the government shrink to a small percentage of the total, and may be fairly classed as follows:

Salaries separately reported	$37,552,655
Military purposes	35,537,611
Police	23,934,376
Judiciary	23,071,075
Public buildings, care and maintenance	17,950,177
Executive departments	16,770,801
Naval establishment	15,174,403
Penal and reformatory institutions (net)	9,226,905
Congress and State Legislatures	10,485,826
Foreign intercourse	1,648,277
Miscellaneous (say)	10,000,000
Total	201,352,106

or a per capita of $3 22 instead of $16, a difference to a family of five of about $64 per annum.

If the people would do their alms in secret, educate their children at their own expense, cease to use the agency of the government to build their roads, improve their harbors, light their streets, take care of their pleasure-grounds, and remove their garbage, and cease to construct new buildings and war-ships, they could reduce taxes at once about seventy-five per centum, and the receipts from customs alone would be ample to pay all the normal expenses of the national, State, and local governments, rendering all taxes on real and personal property and all fees and licenses unnecessary.

But a sense of honor requires that those who have suffered in the service of the country should be provided for; the children admittedly must be educated, and common humanity demands that the needs of the unfortunate shall in some way be met; then our own conveniences, if not necessities, require that harbors be made safe, roads passable, streets lighted, and the general health cared for, and no better or more economical method has been devised to meet these requirements than through the established governmental machinery, although neither this nor any other government was avowedly established for such purposes.

So if the tax-payer is inclined to grumble at what seems excessive impositions, he should remember that three-fourths of his taxes are for services or objects which he would have to provide for in some way, and which he probably obtains through the agency of the government upon terms more satisfactory than would result from any other method, and that the government itself would be relieved instead of embarrassed were these abnormal operations, instituted for his convenience, conducted through other channels.

The character of the expenditures of the public service is, however, pretty uniform throughout the country, and the following summary shows the cost, total and per capita, of State and local governments, including those for public schools for 1890, the total of public schools for 1890, and the per capita for 1890 and 1880:

States and Territories.	Expenditures, not National, including Public Common Schools, 1890.		Expenditures for Public Common Schools.		
	Total.	Per Capita.	Total, 1890.	Per Capita.	
				1890.	1880.
The United States	$569,252,634	$9.09	$139,065,537	$2.24	$1.59
North Atlantic Division	224,256,890	12.89	47,625,548	2.74	1.92
Maine	5,780,108	8.74	1,114,902	1.69	1.53
New Hampshire	3,582,704	9.52	814,394	2.16	1.64
Vermont	2,152,317	6.47	689,917	2.08	1.36
Massachusetts	46,486,602	20.76	8,286,062	3.70	2.65
Rhode Island	5,699,999	16.50	917,990	2.66	1.92
Connecticut	8,488,362	11.37	2,123,839	2.85	2.14
New York	91,232,042	15.21	17,392,274	2.90	1.95
New Jersey	15,244,819	10.55	3,457,525	2.39	1.80
Pennsylvania	45,589,937	8.67	12,828,645	2.44	1.71
South Atlantic Division	42,586,762	4.81	8,630,711	.98	.68
Delaware	1,064,663	6.32	329,008	1.95	1.18
Maryland	10,091,521	9.68	1,910,663	1.83	1.49
District of Columbia	5,042,002	21.88	906,124	3.98	2.47
Virginia	7,451,365	4.50	1,577,347	.95	.59
West Virginia	3,550,973	4.66	1,284,991	1.68	1.17
North Carolina	3,223,703	1.99	718,225	.44	.27
South Carolina	3,098,682	2.69	460,260	.41	.37
Georgia	7,031,260	3.83	967,590	.53	.42
Florida	2,032,593	5.19	476,503	1.22	.44
North Central Division	209,885,467	9.39	62,815,531	2.81	2.14
Ohio	40,325,610	10.98	10,755,246	2.93	2.41
Indiana	18,260,426	8.33	5,900,233	2.69	2.28
Illinois	33,715,078	8.81	11,288,529	2.95	2.45
Michigan	17,415,454	8.32	5,446,416	2.60	1.90
Wisconsin	14,887,090	8.83	3,711,286	2.20	1.64
Minnesota	18,559,150	14.26	4,033,516	3.10	2.08
Iowa	16,285,305	8.52	6,477,256	3.39	2.68
Missouri	21,011,260	7.84	5,128,260	1.91	1.43
North Dakota	2,692,246	14.73	626,946	3.45	1.36
South Dakota	3,240,705	9.86	1,173,757	3.57	
Nebraska	9,778,968	9.23	3,301,119	3.12	2.39
Kansas	13,714,175	9.61	4,972,967	3.52	1.83
South Central Division	43,976,319	4.03	9,869,449	.94	.52
Kentucky	8,388,509	4.51	2,026,552	1.12	.71
Tennessee	6,364,411	3.60	1,300,351	.85	.51
Alabama	4,994,423	3.30	547,880	.37	.34
Mississippi	3,362,561	2.61	1,097,916	.85	.60
Louisiana	5,412,765	4.84	704,586	.63	.48
Texas	12,536,788	5.61	3,173,104	1.42	.49
Arkansas	2,916,862	2.59	1,019,060	.92	.48
Western Division	48,547,196	16.03	10,124,298	3.35	2.63
Montana	2,724,073	20.61	364,083	2.75	1.74
Wyoming	797,920	13.14	152,918	2.52	1.37
Colorado	6,349,025	15.40	1,681,379	4.08	3.03
New Mexico	576,532	3.75	79,186	.55	.24
Arizona	997,575	16.73	177,484	2.98	1.51
Utah	2,254,128	10.84	394,677	1.90	1.19
Nevada	1,047,368	22.89	162,597	3.55	3.41
Idaho	690,367	8.18	168,318	1.99	1.18
Washington	5,954,845	17.04	944,190	2.70	1.50
Oregon	3,475,705	11.08	880,369	2.81	1.81
California	23,679,658	19.60	5,119,097	4.24	3.51

Taken in the order of expenditures for State and local purposes, Nevada has the greatest per capita, $22.89, closely followed by the District of Columbia, $21.88, Massachusetts, $20.76, Montana, $20.61, and California, $19.60. The lowest are North Carolina, $1.99, Arkansas, $2.59, Mississippi, $2.61, South Carolina, $2.69, and Alabama, $3.30—the average for the entire country being $9.09. It would naturally be expected that in recently settled localities, or in the sections having large cities or villages, the expenses would be relatively higher than in an agricultural section long settled, and free from the expenses of pavements, sewerage, lighting, and police, which bear so heavily upon places having largely an urban population.

It is a gratifying fact that the expenditures for public common schools have increased for the whole country during the decade ending in 1890 at a greater rate than that of population, the rate per capita being $2.24 in 1890 against $1.59 in 1880—an increase of 65 cents per capita. The per capita expenditures on this account in the South Atlantic and South Central divisions in 1890 were not so great as in other sections of the country, but the increase per cent. therein for the decade was $88.41 against $74.86 for the entire country, indicating that prosperity is returning to these sections, the value of whose taxable property, owing to the ravages of the civil war, shrunk between 1860 and 1870 the appalling amount of $2,730,609,293, or 52 per cent., measured by the gold standard, and which lacked $431,511,365 of being fully restored in 1890.

The expenditures of municipalities, however, are of an importance hardly comprehended, exceeding those of the national government. The four cities of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn paid a greater amount of money in 1890 for current expenses than all the States and Territories in the Union, including the District of Columbia. For purposes of comparison between cities, the expenditures for new buildings, works, sites and grounds, and water-works, which cannot be regarded as permanent annual expenditures common to all the cities, and for charities, of which the county in many cases bears a greater or lesser part of the expense, should be omitted. The table in the next column shows the expenditures of certain cities having a population in 1890 of 50,000 or upward.

It will be seen that in the per capita of municipal expenditures the city of Boston largely exceeded that of any other city, San Francisco being second and New York third. While unavoidable conditions of a city may in some cases cause a large relative expenditure, rendering comparisons of this kind only approximately correct, there can be no doubt that the municipal expenses of the city of Boston in 1890, after making all possible allowances, were far greater in relation to the population than those of any other city in the country, and these expenditures were not for redemption of debt, but for current expenses incident to the maintenance of the municipal government.

Cities.	Expenditures.			
	Except for Loans and Investments		Except for Loans, Investments, New Buildings, Works, Sites and Grounds, Water-works, and Charities.	
	Total.	Per Capita.	Total.	Per Capita.
Total	$186,298,254	$16.53	$137,895,984	$12.24
New York, N. Y	37,218,857	24.56	25,543,159	16.86
Chicago, Ill	15,176,276	13.80	12,027,831	10.94
Philadelphia, Pa	13,714,670	13.10	11,152,528	10.65
Brooklyn, N. Y	11,023,850	13.67	8,037,957	9.97
Saint Louis, Mo	6,525,944	14.45	5,290,386	11.71
Boston, Mass	14,635,254	32.63	11,542,352	25.74
Baltimore, Md	6,091,761	14.02	5,067,297	11.66
San Francisco, Cal	5,639,934	18.86	5,352,474	17.90
Cincinnati, Ohio	5,357,115	18.04	3,224,918	10.86
Cleveland, Ohio	3,806,081	14.56	2,978,726	11.40
Buffalo, N.Y	5,985,368	23.41	2,830,591	11.07
New Orleans, La	2,093,170	8.65	2,044,516	8.44
Pittsburg, Pa	2,872,153	12.04	2,716,397	11.38
Detroit, Mich	3,419,969	16.61	2,136,783	10.38
Milwaukee, Wis	2,732,097	13.36	2,116,097	10.35
Newark, N. J	2,721,389	14.96	2,537,348	13.95
Minneapolis, Minn	3,780,548	22.95	2,606,462	15.82
Jersey City, N. J	2,041,460	12.52	1,934,974	11.86
Louisville, Ky	1,755,891	10.89	1,563,813	9.71
Omaha, Neb	1,990,873	14.17	1,083,216	7.71
Rochester, N. Y	2,129,740	15.91	1,289,817	9.63
Saint Paul, Minn	5,202,664	39.07	2,087,038	15.67
Kansas City, Mo	1,084,833	8.17	1,079,833	8.14
Providence, R. I	2,263,235	17.13	1,612,669	12.20
Indianapolis, Ind	977,137	9.27	889,719	8.44
Allegheny, Pa	1,073,962	10.20	838,634	7.96
Albany, N. Y	1,492,839	15.73	953,052	10.04
Columbus, Ohio	2,135,751	24.23	768,420	8.72
Syracuse, N. Y	1,203,012	13.65	755,479	8.57
Worcester, Mass	1,416,677	16.73	942,442	11.13
Toledo, Ohio	931,785	11.44	681,327	8.37
Richmond, Va	1,256,003	15.43	947,145	11.64
New Haven, Conn	921,017	11.33	684,113	8.41
Paterson, N. J	658,539	8.41	594,951	7.59
Lowell, Mass	1,125,126	14.48	844,209	10.87
Nashville, Tenn	828,432	10.88	685,984	9.01
Scranton, Pa	466,236	6.20	314,295	4.18
Fall River, Mass	887,618	11.93	607,685	8.17
Cambridge, Mass	1,186,074	16.94	813,571	11.62
Atlanta, Ga	1,032,317	15.75	685,450	10.46
Memphis, Tenn	698,116	10.82	686,512	10.64
Wilmington, Del	518,331	8.44	518,102	8.43
Dayton, Ohio	800,926	13.08	594,441	9.71
Troy, N. Y	681,365	11.18	527,336	8.65
Grand Rapids, Mich	806,650	13.38	663,824	11.01
Reading, Pa	297,244	5.07	230,052	3.92
Trenton, N. J	531,275	9.25	515,321	8.97
Lynn, Mass	963,568	17.29	646,952	11.61
Charleston, S. C	733,909	13.35	652,937	11.88
Hartford, Conn	939,038	17.64	740,021	13.90
St. Joseph, Mo	546,258	10.44	544,263	10.40
Evansville, Ind	473,091	9.32	466,832	9.20
Los Angeles, Cal	1,088,195	21.59	886,090	17.58
Des Moines, Iowa	364,631	7.28	359,643	7.18

It might be well for cities having a high per capita rate of expenditures to set on foot inquiries to ascertain, if possible, why the expenditures of other cities of about the same population, and apparently enjoying no more favorable economic conditions, should be a half or a third less.

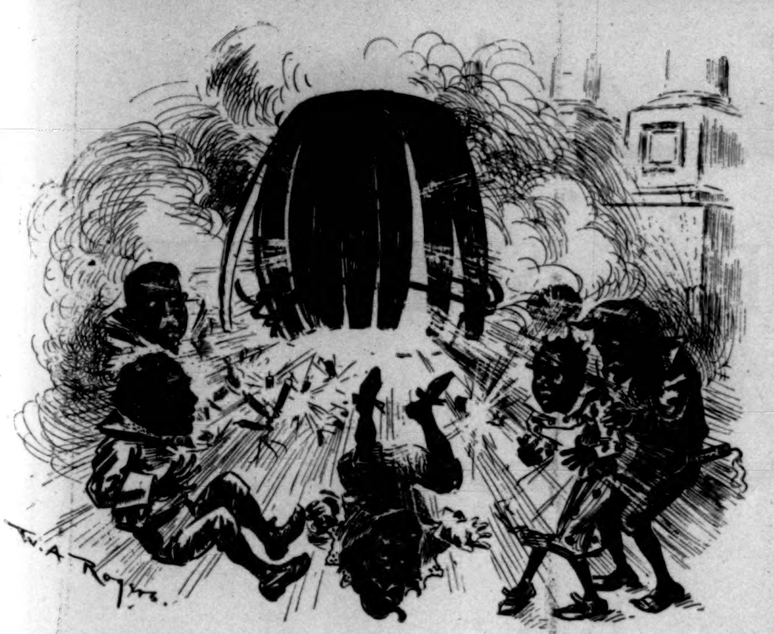
No statistics showing the financial transactions of the State and local governments have ever before been collected and published, so that no comparisons between the amounts stated for 1890 can be made with like amounts for any previous period.

Where does the money come from to meet these enormous expenditures? The census publications show that during 1890 there was collected from all sources $1,040,473,013, enough to meet these expenditures and have a surplus of $124,518,958. The amount accrued from the following sources:

Ad valorem taxes on real and personal property	$443,096,574
Customs	229,668,584
Internal revenue	142,606,706
Postal service	60,882,098
Liquor license	24,786,496
Income from funds and investments	14,546,352
Special assessment for streets and bridges	13,196,991
Licenses other than liquor	11,144,338
Tax on railroads separately reported	9,926,547
Profit on coinage of silver dollars	9,385,417
Tax on corporations except railroads separately reported	8,758,184
Special assessments for sewers	8,254,978
Miscellaneous, fees, fines, and penalties	7,253,370
Sale of public lands	6,358,272
Proceeds, sales of government and other property	3,263,855
Penal and reformatory institutions	3,154,520
Tax on banks and bankers separately reported	3,153,135
Sinking fund for Pacific railways	1,842,565
Fees, consular and lands	1,799,071
Fees on letters patent	1,347,621
Tax on circulation of national banks	1,301,327
Customs fees, fines, penalties, and forfeitures	1,299,325
Interest on deposits	986,656
Profit on coinage other than of silver dollars	831,828
Repayment of interest by Pacific railways	705,691
Tax on seal-skins	262,500
Water-works and other enterprises, net	118,215
Miscellaneous, including reimbursements to counties	30,541,797

It will be seen that the tax on real and personal property furnished nearly one-half of the necessary revenue, customs about one-fourth, internal revenue one-sixth; the remainder came from various sources.

In view of the important position the tariff laws have occupied in national politics for many years, the relative amount of revenue from customs seems surprisingly small. The owners of real estate bear the lion's share of the burden of taxation; but this class of property embraces 60 per cent. of the wealth of the country, as determined by the Eleventh Census, and perhaps its share of the burden was therefore none too great.



THE GLORIOUS FOURTH AT WASHINGTON.

FOURTH OF JULY IN NEW YORK, 1834.

EIGHTEEN hundred and thirty-four was the second year of the last Presidential term of Andrew Jackson. If Old Hickory was a "Constitutional Cæsar," he was patriotism personified, and naturally on the Fourth of July the citizens of New York took their cue from him, and began celebrating the day early in the morning, and kept it up far into the night.

Gideon Lee was Mayor, and he had issued the usual proclamation. He excited patriotic fires with one hand and wet-blanketed them with the other, forbidding, under all kinds of dire penalties, the letting off of any fireworks within the city limits, unless "under supervision." But neither then nor now has much attention been paid to municipal fiats on the glorious Fourth.

For the central point of this celebration Mr. Dan Beard has selected the corner of Broadway and Cortlandt Street. There is a motley throng. New York had quite a population in 1834, though considerably less than that of San Francisco to-day.

The carronades at the Battery had awaked New York at daybreak. The parade had been formed, and was marched up town. How imposing must have been the chapeaux of the officers, and how they sported towering plumes! Some of those curious martial head-coverings are preserved in lavender to-day. The drummers are all to the front, the fifes behind, and there is as an accompaniment a fusillade of fowling-pieces. The street is crowded; enthusiasm is at a fever-heat.

There is a choleric old gentleman who protects his ears, for a colored boy with market-basket is in the act of firing his horse-pistol. If you are learned in costumes, you will appreciate his steeple-shaped hat. To the right of the picture there is a man with a bell hat; now the bell hat is the older of the two styles, and the steeple hat the latest innovation of 1834.

The lady with the exaggerated sleeves and elaborate shoulder arrangements might wear her dress, though not cut quite so low, in the streets to-day. She would discard the cord and tassel, the crossed strings on her instep, but the hat of our revered grandmother would be *à la mode* in 1894.

It was a gig period, and the well-dressed driver with the high collar to his coat is slowly making his way down Broadway. You will notice an old man who holds a fork, and on it is a dainty morsel. It is a savory bit of roast pig. Is that porker on the table an anachronism? Not at all. It is true to the time. When New York was in a festive humor tables were spread all along the sidewalk, and perambulant caterers offered roast pig to the hungry. In those halcyon days, for a small amount of money a big piece of roast pig could be had, and clams were gratuitous—thrown in, so to speak.

It would never do not to notice another old gentleman, the one behind the negro boy, who wears a white fluffy beaver. The white beaver hat is a thing of the past, and as rare to-day in anthropological museums as is the dodo in a zoological collection. It was the era of pantalets, for the little girl who holds the baby wears them.

The boy near the girl has a mimic ship's cannon. The grand piece of ordnance of the small boy of July, 1834, was actually a shin-bone. This had a touch-hole drilled in it. When it was packed with powder and fired it made a tremendous racket, and as it was apt to fly to pieces, that was added enjoyability.

The bunting that waved then had an ampler field of azure, a smaller galaxy of stars. They were nearer then to the past, more in touch with it, and inclined to give physical expression to our joy. It would not be logical to judge patriotism by the noise it makes. "Other days, other ways." But half a century ago the whole nation entered heart and soul into the celebration of the grandest of all human events, and that was the Declaration of Independence. BARNET PHILLIPS.

SMOKELESS POWDER.

GOOD-BY to mortar, gun, petard,
To war's destruction and alarms;
Not long shall hate the world retard,
Or drive the nations up in arms.

For iron ships of modern date
Are such—if two belligerent be—
They both must sink as sure as fate
In the deep caverns of the sea.

But none the less is war on land
A danger men must henceforth shun:
No troops to wholesale death will stand
Of any nation 'neath the sun.

With smokeless powder not a cloud
Can hide the battle's furious show;
Where are the men so brave and proud
That certain death they care to know?

Each soldier now will pick his man,
And he himself selected be,
And each sharp-shooter in the van
Be shot by one as sharp as he.

The wit of man has gone thus far,
With fatal modes that so increase,
We soon must see the end of war,
And hail the thousand years of peace!

JOEL BENTON.

A NEW CURE FOR ASTHMA.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola Plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.—[*Adv.*]

THE FINEST STEEL PLATE

of Niagara Falls ever engraved is offered to the public at a price that would be absurdly impossible but that the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," desires its widest circulation. It is forty by sixteen inches in size, engraved by Lowell from an oil painting by Charles Graham, is a superb work of art, and bears no advertising. It will be sent postpaid, to any address, with a set of Stoddard's OUR COUNTRY AND OUR NEIGHBORS, in sixteen parts, for $3. Remit by draft, postal note or P. O. or express money order to Frank J. Bramhall, Advtg. Agent Michigan Central, Chicago.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

IMPAIRED DIGESTION.

THE patient is required to diet. In building up and maintaining good health, milk is recognized as a valuable factor, but it is important that it be absolutely pure and sterilized. Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream meets all requirements. Entirely wholesome.—[*Adv.*]

To flavor your Soda and Lemonade, and keep your digestive organs in order, get a bottle of the genuine ANGOSTURA BITTERS manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE POPULAR FRENCH TONIC
VIN MARIANI
FORTIFIES NOURISHES STIMULATES REFRESHES Body and Brain
Indorsed by eminent Physicians everywhere.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.
AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS.
Sent Free, Album, 75 PORTRAITS and AUTOGRAPHS of Celebrities.
MARIANI & CO., 52 West 15th St., NEW YORK.

Duminy Champagne
Extra Qualité Sec, vintage, 1884.
Vin Brut, vintage, 1889.
SOLE AGENT FOR U. S.
ANTHONY OECHS, No. 51 Warren St., N. Y. City.

Great Western
THE FINEST CHAMPAGNE IN AMERICA.
A home product which Americans are especially proud of.
One that reflects the highest credit on the country which produces it.
Now Used in many of the Best Hotels, Clubs, and Homes IN PREFERENCE to Foreign Vintages.
For Particulars, Prices, etc., address,
Pleasant Valley Wine Co.
RHEIMS, Steuben Co., NEW YORK.

UNDOUBTEDLY TRUE

The "New York and Chicago Limited" is the successor to the New York Central's famous "Exposition Flyer" between New York and Chicago, every day in the year.

Leaves Grand Central Station, New York, at 10.30 A.M., to-day.
Arrives Lake Shore Station, Chicago, at 9.30 A.M., to-morrow.

Leaves Lake Shore Station, Chicago, at 5.30 P.M., to-day.
Arrives Grand Central Station, New York, at 6.30 P.M., to-morrow.

This is the most comfortable and most interesting thousand-mile railroad ride in the world, as it is over the great Four-Track Trunk Line of the United States, through the beautiful Mohawk Valley, and along the historic Hudson River—via

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD"

YOU HAVE SEEN
POZZONI'S POWDER
advertised for many years, but have you ever tried it?—If not,—you do not know what an IDEAL COMPLEXION POWDER IS.
POZZONI'S
besides being an acknowledged beautifier, has many refreshing uses. It prevents chafing, sun-burn, wind-tan, lessens perspiration, etc.; in fact it is a most delicate and desirable protection to the face during hot weather. It is sold everywhere.
A sample envelope of either FLESH, WHITE or BRUNETTE mailed on receipt of 6 cents in stamps. Address,
J. A. POZZONI,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Mention this paper.

GRAVES ELEVATORS
PASSENGER & FREIGHT.
Safety Speed and Economy Combined.
GRAVES ELEVATOR CO.
ROCHESTER, N.Y. Send For Catalogue.
New York. 92 & 94 Liberty St.—Boston. 53 State St.,
Detroit. Hodges Bl'dg.—Atlanta, Ga. Inman Bl'dg.

Harper's Catalogue,
Thoroughly revised, classified, and indexed, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

WE WANT YOU TO TRY
GOLDEN SCEPTRE
SMOKING TOBACCO.
All the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as a trial that it is almost PERFECTION. We will send on receipt of 10c. a sample to any address. Prices of Golden Sceptre, 1 lb., $1.30; ¼ lb., 40 cents, postage paid. Catalogue free.
SURBRUG, 159 Fulton St., N. Y. City.

Nervous
Are you, can't sleep, can't eat, tired, thirsty? Blood poor?
It's a tonic you want—
Hires' Rootbeer.
This sparkling, exhilarating, and refreshing drink, while being far more agreeable in bouquet and flavor than the finest wine or champagne, is at the same time unlike them, being free from alcohol.
A temperance drink for temperance people, delicious and wholesome as well. Purifies the blood, tickles the palate.
Package makes five gallons.
Ask your storekeeper for it.
Take no substitutes.
Send 2-cent stamp to Chas. E. Hires Co., Philadelphia, for beautiful picture cards.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by my INVISIBLE Tubular Cushions. Have helped more to good HEARing than all other devices combined. Whispers HEARd. Help ears as glasses do eyes. F. Hiscox, 853 B'dway, N.Y. Book of proofs FREE

AGENTS WANTED—The work is easy, pleasant, and adapted to both young and old of either sex. GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 1664, Portland, Maine.

A New Serial
By Walter Besant
Beyond the Dreams of Avarice
is the title of the strikingly interesting new serial by WALTER BESANT which begins in *Harper's Bazar* for July 7.

HARPER'S LIBRARY EDITION OF WALTER BESANT'S NOVELS:
Each One Volume, 12mo, Cloth.
The Rebel Queen. Illustrated. $1 50.
All Sorts and Conditions of Men. Illustrated. $1 25.
Armorel of Lyonesse. Illustrated. $1 25.
For Faith and Freedom. Illustrated. $1 25.
The Children of Gibeon. $1 25.
The Ivory Gate. $1 25.
The World Went Very Well Then. Illustrated. $1 25.
St. Katherine's by the Tower. Illustrated. $1 25.

Published by HARPER & Brothers, New York.
☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of the price.*

JULY 4th

SPECIAL PROGRAMME OF SEVEN RACES

BY THE

CONEY ISLAND JOCKEY CLUB

Sheepshead Bay;

FIRST RACE AT 2 O'CLOCK

INCLUDING THE GREAT

TRIAL STAKES

AND THE GREAT

INDEPENDENCE STEEPLE-CHASE

(Over the Full Course).

MUSIC BY LANDER'S FULL ORCHESTRA

Trains will leave foot of East 34th Street, N.Y., and Boats from foot of Whitehall Street (Bay Ridge Ferry) every half-hour till 11.40, and after that hour every 15 minutes for special accommodation.

Grand-Stand Badges and Ladies' Tickets

For Sale at all Railroad Stations en route, also at Bay Ridge Ferry, foot of Whitehall Street, N. Y.

Special Railroad Accommodations Returning from Races

AMATEVR · SPORT

THE ALL-AMERICA COLLEGE BASEBALL NINE and four regular substitutes for 1894 should be:

Catcher	Greenway	Yale.
Pitcher	Carter	Yale.
First base	Goeckle	Pennsylvania.
Second base	Stearns	Amherst.
Third base	Cook	Harvard.
Short stop	Steere	Brown.
Left field	Mackenzie	Princeton.
Centre field	Thomas	Pennsylvania.
Right field	Case	Yale.

SUBSTITUTES.

Catcher	Coogan	Pennsylvania.
Pitcher	White	Brown.
In-fielder	King	Princeton.
Out-fielder	Payne	Princeton.

STANDING OF THE SIX LEADING COLLEGE NINES IN TOTAL NUMBER OF GAMES WON AND LOST.

Colleges.	Won.	Lost.	Total.	Percentage.
Yale	23	5	28	.821
Pennsylvania	17	4	21	.809
Princeton	16	5	21	.762
Brown	20	8	28	.714
Cornell	10	4	14	.714
Harvard	17	10	27	.629

STANDING NEW ENGLAND LEAGUE.

Colleges.	Won.	Lost.	Total.	Percentage.
Williams	5	3	8	.625
Dartmouth	5	3	8	.625
Amherst	2	6	8	.250

ALTHOUGH THE COLLEGE BASEBALL SEASON of 1894 has given better teams and play than 1893 did, the finish was not nearly so interesting as when Harvard and Yale fought it out a year ago, and Harvard won. The result of the Harvard-Yale series this year was a foregone conclusion, and the championship had been virtually won when Yale took the deciding game from Princeton. Harvard's team was exceptionally weak, and last year's college champions have had hard work to keep in the first class; besides which, Princeton and Pennsylvania have been particularly strong this year, and as both these closed their season nearly two weeks before Harvard and Yale, the outcome of this last series had little or no bearing on the general average, except to enable Yale to pull out ahead of Pennsylvania in the whole number of games won and lost. Although winning a series from one of the leading universities is considered of far more importance than the loss of a minor game early in the season, yet the result of the several different series is such as makes the final standing of the teams in the total number of games won and lost a very fair summing up of their relative merits. Yale has won the series from Princeton, Harvard, and Brown, and is tied with Pennsylvania in the two games played.

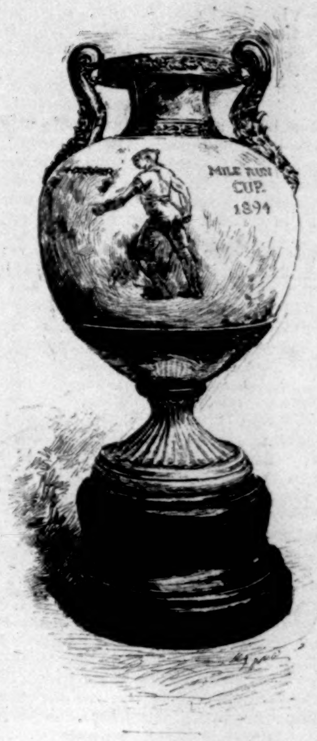
CAPTAIN MACKENZIE,
Princeton Nine.

Pennsylvania has won from Harvard and Brown, and is tied with Yale, Princeton, and Cornell.

Princeton has won from Harvard and Brown, and is tied with Pennsylvania. Harvard has lost to Yale, Pennsylvania, and Princeton, and is tied with Brown.

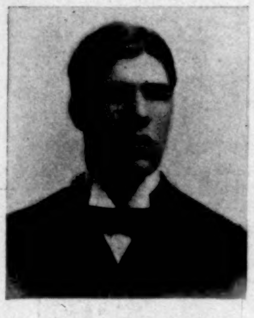
MORE GOOD CATCHERS HAVE been seen in the past season than ever before, the best being Greenway (Yale), Coogan (Pennsylvania), Tenny (Brown), Scannell (Harvard), Draper (Williams), Abbott (Dartmouth), and Williams (Princeton). Greenway, Coogan, and Tenny are far ahead of all others, and the choice must be from these men. Greenway's work has shown steady and scientific improvement since the beginning of the season; he had the hardest pitcher to catch, yet as a back stop and thrower he was unsurpassed. He is a hard, accurate player, and the best representative of the undergraduate type of the season. Although the work of Coogan and Tenny has been of high order, they have had easy men to catch, and in hitting alone have they excelled Greenway. Greenway's general work was the more reliable, and he deserves the position of catcher on the All-America college team. Coogan is second choice, although we do not like his manners on the field. Tenny's sudden departure from the amateur ranks has been long expected. Scannell has done remarkably well for a first-year man, and Draper has made himself a first-class catcher during his three years of service. Williams finished the season strong, and Abbott has done yeoman service for Dartmouth. Kinsella of Vermont is an able man, but the work of the whole Vermont team has fallen off.

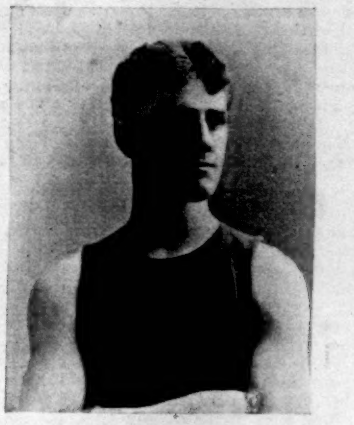
CAPTAIN CASE,
Yale Nine.



THE HARMAR CUP,
Presented to the Yale Athletic Association in memory of William Harmar by his widow, as a perpetual champion cup to be contended for annually at the Intercollegiate games in the mile run.

Placing the pitcher's box farther back has had a direful effect on college pitchers, the year having shown but three or four good men, and most of these were worn out before the season closed. The best of the season were Carter of Yale, White of Brown, Schoenhut of Pennsylvania, Dowd of Georgetown, Highlands of Harvard, and Lewis of Williams. Carter has been less affected by the increased distance than any of his rivals, and has pitched a strong reliable game throughout the season, his work in watching bases being a great improvement over last year. His success has not been confined to the box, for he developed into one of Yale's strongest and surest hitters. White pitched an evenly strong game, and was greatly aided by his catcher. The pitching distance prevented his using speed, but his out-drop ball, which he employed continually, proved quick and effective. When given the chance, Schoenhut was Pennsylvania's best pitcher, and his perfect fielding and good hitting made him a good record. Dowd has possibilities, and Lewis was Williams's main-stay. Highlands pitched fine games against Yale at Cambridge and New Haven, and succeeded in defeating Princeton, but his work was erratic and uncertain. Boswell of Pennsylvania pitched for a winning team, and did well when his nine was ahead. His best games were against Princeton and Cornell. Altman and Bradley went to pieces at the end of the season, and both were easy men to hit. Pond of Vermont has neither the curves nor speed he had last year, and has not been effective. Carter easily distances all competitors, and should be the pitcher of the All-America team, with White for substitute.


EDWIN P. YOUNG,
Captain Cornell Nine.


OTTO WAGENHURST,
Captain University of Pennsylvania 'Varsity Crew.

THOMAS HALL,
Captain Cornell 'Varsity Crew.

CAPTAIN HOLLISTER,
University of Pennsylvania Nine.

THE BEST FIRST-BASEMEN of the season have been Goeckle of Pennsylvania, Otto of Princeton, Bustard of Brown, Stephenson of Yale, and Dickinson of Harvard. Goeckle's work has been exceptionally good; both in hitting and fielding he leads all other college first-basemen, while the uncertainty of last year entirely disappeared, and his playing has been nearly faultless. Once only during the season he showed the white feather, when Yale had secured a commanding lead at New Haven, and his actions were babyish and ill becoming a man of his ability and experience. Otto has been the best first-baseman Princeton has had in years; he is a beautiful thrower, and his hitting and fielding have been even and strong. Bustard of Brown shows great promise, and will be nearer the head next season. Stephenson has simply failed to improve—in fact, his general work is below his last year's standard. Dickinson's work has been fair, but he has proved uncertain in tight places, and is apt to lose his head. Several times during the season he lost his man by not having his foot on the base. Other first-basemen have not been above the average. Goeckle's exceptional record gives him first place, with Otto of Princeton a substitute.

So many new men have played at second that choice is narrowed down to a very few, although good men have been developed. Stearns of Amherst, King of Princeton, Contrell of Pennsylvania, and Donovan of Brown have shown the best form. Though playing with a losing team, Stearns's work was better than any other player's. He is a strong batter and sure fielder, as well as a thoroughly clean player, and has done a great deal for college baseball during his course. King has done about as usual; his hustling qualities combined with talent make him a valuable man, though not Stearns's equal in any respect except base-running. Contrell has put up a good game, and is a player of great promise. His fielding was 900 and his hitting strong, but he is not so valuable a man to a team as King. Donovan will be one of the leaders next year, but he must look to his manners if he desires to be classed with gentlemen players. Murphy of Yale is a natural football, but not a baseball player, whose determination alone has kept him in his place. Stearns holds first place, as he did last season, and King's general utility gives him second.

CAPTAIN WIGGIN,
Harvard Nine.

Only four really good third-basemen have been seen this year—Cook (Harvard), Blakeley (Pennsylvania), Gunster (Princeton), and Arbuthnot (Yale). The choice of these men is a difficult one. Cook has been playing with a losing team, and his record is not so good as in former years; but he has large experience, and understands his position better than any of the others. Blakeley has out-fielded Cook, and has hit better; yet Blakeley has made serious misplays, which must count against him. His muff of Goeckle's beautiful throw in the second Yale game gave Yale the opportunity of winning the game. Gunster handles ground balls better than any of his competitors; but though he and Arbuthnot are excellent fielders, their hitting is very weak. The player to be selected for the All-America team must be one whose all-round work and steadiness make him the strongest and most trustworthy. Cook is the best, all things considered, and Blakeley's strong game gives him second place.

There have been few good short stops this season, both Harvard and Yale being very weak in this position, and the best were Steere of Brown, Hollister of Pennsylvania, and Brooks of Princeton. Steere's hitting and fielding and all-round qualities give him first place. Hollister's hitting has been a trifle better than Steere's, but his fielding is far below the Brown man's. In fielding alone can Brooks compare with his two rivals; but this has been good enough to place him second choice, despite Hollister's superior stick-work.

THE OUT-FIELD WORK of 1894 has probably been the best in college baseball, and here we find an abundance of good men. Of these the leading names are Mackenzie of Princeton, Thomas of Pennsylvania, Reese of Pennsylvania, Payne of Princeton, Rustin of Yale, George of Brown, and Wiggin of Harvard. The out-field of the All-America team must consist of men who thoroughly understand their positions and are sure fielders and strong hitters. Thomas has made the most remarkable record of any

F. E. STEERE,
Captain Brown Nine.

fielder of the season. He has played in 21 games, and accepted 47 chances without an error. Besides this wonderful fielding record he has a batting average of 600. Thomas's fine showing is the best college record in years, and entitles him to the first choice for the out-field. Mackenzie is a natural fielder, and his record has suffered only through his trying for everything in sight. His hitting alone won two games for Princeton. Although Case of Yale has played at short stop during most of the season, his record as an out-fielder cannot be overlooked. His natural position is in the out-field, and there he is the equal of any man playing on college teams to-day. His hitting is very strong, and an All-American team would not be complete without him. Payne of Princeton has not improved his last year's record, and though his work has been first class, he must be content with a substitute's position for this year. Reese's record in the field has not been high, but he is a clever player of experience, and a strong hitter. Rustin has shown his best work in the out-field this season; though awkward but sure in the field, he is hard hitter and good base-runner. George showed promise last year of being the best in his position this season, but carelessness has prevented the looked-for improvement. Wiggin has made a very clever fielder out of himself, and been the only really good man in Harvard's out-field. By a quick and accurate throw he caught Redington at the plate in the Yale game at Cambridge, which was the best play of its kind of the season. At the bat Wiggin is a reliable though not a strong hitter. Corbett's (Harvard) place is in the out-field, but his work cannot compare with the fine line of fielders the season has given us. Ward of Princeton has played a plucky, steady game, and will be a valuable man next season. The out-field on the All-American team should be Thomas, Mackenzie, and Case, with Payne as substitute.

The season has shown a great advance in batting and team play, and a most gratifying increased sentiment against professionalism of any kind. In no season of the last three have the college nines been so free of unwholesomeness. The Harvard and Yale and Princeton teams were undergraduates to a man.

IN PERCENTAGE OF GAMES WON AND LOST Yale stands first. Although no stronger in the out-field and not so strong in the in-field as last year, they have nevertheless played the best all-round game her teams have shown in the past three years—a fact which seems entirely due to the strength and steadiness of the Yale battery. Carter and Greenway deserve the credit of bringing Yale out ahead in the race this year, for although fairly well backed up, especially in the out-field, their support was not of the character to give them the championship without exceptionally brilliant work on their own part. Yale has had no substitute catcher who could be depended upon, and Trudeau's work in the box in his only important game (against Pennsylvania) was uncertain, though he seems to have the elements of a good pitcher, and another year's training may make him valuable. Yale has not been so strong as last year at first, second, and short stop. Stephenson's work was not quite up to his '93 standard, especially in the field. Murphy's playing second was a survival of the fittest, and his work cannot be compared with Beal's of last year's team. Case gave up the opportunity of making a brilliant record in the out-field, and played a fair game at short stop, with no pretensions of filling Murphy's (of '93) place. Arbuthnot has played a very good third base, and kept up his creditable work of last year. Bigelow gave splendid promise, especially at the bat, but a broken ankle put Speer in left field and Rustin in right. The work of these two has been very strong, and Rustin seems at last to have found his proper and natural position. Keator and Redington have alternated in centre field, but Redington proved the steadier of the two, and pulled away from his Freshman rival at the last. Yale's team-work has been good, when Carter gave them a chance, but their base-running was weak throughout the season. As a whole the nine hit well, Carter and Case showing the best form. Yale's strength has been greatest where her opponents were weakest, the season having shown very few good or even batteries.

IF PENNSYLVANIA COULD HAVE HAD last year's pitchers they would undoubtedly have won the championship, and as it is, it was one of the strongest nines in the university's history. They were a seasoned lot of players, and did much toward making up for weakness in the pitching department by their clever work. Coogan's work behind the bat was of its usual high order; Boswell and Schoenhut did about equally well in the box, though the preference generally rests with the former. Goeckle's first-base play was far ahead of his last year's work, and he has been a tower of strength both in the field and at the bat. Coutrell, Hollister, and Blakeley filled out the in-field in good shape, and all hit well. Blair, Thomas, and Reese formed a strong out-field, Thomas's work being particularly good. The team seemed to be invincible on home grounds, but elsewhere showed up much weaker. Altogether Pennsylvania's record has been a remarkable one in many ways. Their scores are the largest made sinee the modern game has been played. They outbatted their opponents as a whole 2 to 1, and the fielding average of the team is above 900. Pennsylvania has administered more decisive defeats than any other college teams, and was badly worsted only once—in the Yale game at New Haven.

PRINCETON HAD ONE OF THE BEST TEAMS, barring pitcher, of recent years. It was well balanced, and during the first of the season showed the best form of any of the college nines, but weakness in the box caused its downfall at the end. Williams, who bore the brunt of the catching, improved throughout the season, Trenchard's career being cut short by a broken finger. Altman did all the work in the box at first, and his head-work and experience alone saved him from being hit hard, while Bradley's (who was called on at the last) lack of experience told against his natural talents. He has the making of a valuable pitcher. Otto at first base has been strong and even, and King has kept up his familiar record on second. Brooks lasted through the season at short stop, and he and Gunster have played cleverly, the latter's work showing great improvement over last year. Mackenzie, Ward, and Payne formed a strong out-field. Mackenzie's work has been the best of the season in his position, and his batting remarkable, while Payne has kept up to his last year's standard.

BROWN HAS ENDED THE SEASON with credit after playing as hard a schedule as any team of the year and losing four of the best men of last year's team Tenny's exceptional qualities as a catcher have been counterbalanced by his professional manners and tactics, but he has now joined a professional team, and reached his rightful element at last. Steere has played a beautiful game at short stop, and is the best all-round man on the team. Milliard and George played strongly in the out-field, and Donovan showed great promise at second base.

Cornell made a creditable record this season, but has sadly missed Priest in the box. Cobb pitched a clever game, his best effort being against Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, where he held his opponents down to seven hits, five of which were made in the last two innings; and although shut out, this was Cornell's best game of the season, and showed its real strength. Young has caught an excellent game, and the nine as a whole did good work.

HARVARD'S TEAM OF INEXPERIENCED PLAYERS deserves credit for having kept hard at work and finishing strong, in spite of many reverses. Scannell made a fine record for a first-year man, and his catching and throwing have been as good as Harvard had last year. Highlands does well when at his best, and he reached his best in the second Yale game at New Haven, which Yale won—2–0; but he is by no means the equal of his brother, and needs a strong fielding team behind him, which he has not had. Dickinson's work at first base has been indifferent; Whittemore, generally speaking, played a strong game at second base; Winslow was very erratic; though Cook has strengthened the in-field by his good work and experience. Corbett, Wiggin, Paine, and O'Malley played in the out-field, and most of the season this department of Harvard's team has been very weak. Wiggin has shown good form, made the best use of his material, and closed the season with an enviable personal record as captain and player.

BY LOSING ITS LAST GAME to Amherst Williams is tied with Dartmouth for the championship of the New England League, and Amherst, last year's champions, finished last. This league has played good ball, and turned out several first-class men, of whom Stearns (Amherst) is the best, while Draper (Williams) and Abbott (Dartmouth) have both caught strong games. A scarcity of pitchers has prevailed in this league also, Amherst suffering most.

Georgetown started out with a rush, and the pitching of Dowd and Carmody helped to win most of her games. During the latter part of the season her work fell off. Lehigh has shown promise over last year, but there is no space here for mention of the games of the minor colleges.

THE STORY OF THE HARVARD-YALE BOAT-RACE, June 28th, is soon told. For about two hundred yards at the beginning it was a race, at a quarter-mile Harvard was unable to at all hold their rivals, and at the half-mile flag the race had degenerated to a procession, and never attained a more interesting phase at any part of the remaining three and a half miles. Yale could not row slow enough to keep from gaining, and at no time since they became a crew did they row better than in the last mile of the four.

Whether from lack of strength or judgment, Kales did not stroke his crew on the plan which held out the only possible chance of a Harvard victory, *viz.*, a high stroke for the first two miles. Every one knew before the race that, stroke for stroke, Yale was greatly superior; that Harvard's only sane policy could be "to hit it up," with the possibility of worrying the Yale eight into demoralization. But such a scheme was not pursued. Harvard started off with the lead at forty strokes to the minute, but as the Yale shell drew up on them, the crimson blades began to wash out at the end, and Kales to lower the stroke, until at the half he had dropped to thirty-eight. The lower he put the stroke the more surely and easily grew the chances of Yale's victory, until, when he touched thirty-four in the one-and-a-half-mile stretch, Captain Johnson and his men were having a veritable practice paddle. It was miserable judgment and wretched rowing. Kales should have maintained a high stroke to the half-distance flag if he had pumped his crew in doing it.

THE YALE CREW ROWED in the prettily finished form of which it had given many exhibitions during the training on the Thames. For the first two miles a fairly stiffish bit of breeze made rough water and considerable splashing, in which honors were easy between the two crews; but at no time was the form of the Yale eight disturbed. Captain Johnson stroked with excellent judgment, giving his men no unnecessary work, and lowering the stroke when in the roughish water. Indeed, had all Yale's coaches planned it, a race could not have been rowed under more favoring conditions for their crew; they were able to take the lead before that first burst of enthusiasm and energy had been spent; they were never at any time hurried or worried, while their greater strength carried them through the rough water with a much less comparative effort than Harvard. The only question raised before the race about the Yale crew was whether, under a fairly high stroke and a stern chase, it would keep together, a question that Thursday's row, of course, did not answer, for no eight in a race probably ever had an easier time than Yale on the 28th. One cannot judge by Thursday's contest, for the conditions were not fast, and the race a paddle for the winner, but the Yale crew does not give the impression of being fast, although reported to have done a half in 2.20 and a mile in 5.05, time that is not consistent with its general work.

THE MOST NOTABLE FEATURE of this year's Yale eight is the departure in its stroke. There is much less body work than in any previous crew of recent years, and there is not that long powerful swing of the back, followed by the sharp catch, and clean continued stroke with leg and arm, that made the Hartwell '92 eight one of Yale's star crews. Both body-work and stroke have been shortened. I doubt if the arc described by the blade is over 8½ to 9 feet, whereas it used to be 10. But Yale has lost none of the leg-work nor the work of the oar forward of the rowlock. In fact, the Yale stroke rowed this year is, as near as one can judge without having actual figures, very similiar to that rowed by Cornell, and it is greatly to be regretted that two representative crews cannot be brought together. It is true that Yale's natural rival is Harvard, and that their interest in the boating year culminates with the New London struggle; yet from a rowing and a sportsman's point of view, a race between Yale and Cornell would be of exceptional interest. As an annual event it would be impracticable, but it might be an occasional feature of the college boating season. Such an argument cannot be advanced, however, touching the Cornell Freshmen. There seems to be no good reason why they should not be admitted to the annual Harvard-Yale-Columbia race on the Thames, always provided their crews were restricted to the same undergraduate limitations. The Thames two-mile course is wide enough for four boats to race, and certainly the entry of Cornell's crews, which are invariably of a high order, would work to the general betterment of Freshmen eights and college rowing generally.

TIME AND STROKES AT EACH HALF.

	Yale.		Harvard.	
Miles.	Time.	Strokes.	Time.	Strokes.
Start.		38		40
½	2 53½	35	2.58½	38
1	5.50	36	6.07	37
1½	8 53	34	9 12	34
2	11 47	35	12.20	36
2½	14.51	34	15.31	36
3	17.47	34	18 35	38
3½	20.56	34	21.42	36
4	23.47	36	24.40	36

NO EXCUSE CAN BE MADE FOR HARVARD'S DEFEAT; it was not hard luck, nor their failure to maintain a high stroke for the first two miles; it was simply one more of a succession of defeats that must attend Harvard's crews so long as the present lack of system, uncertainty of stroke, and want of harmony continue at Cambridge. Only by having an exceptional lot of men in the Harvard boat, and a poor lot in the Yale boat, does there seem a likelihood of victory for the crimson unless a new plan is inaugurated.

Is it not about time the Harvard *alumni* did something besides annually cursing their luck after the New London race? Isn't there enough spirit and love for their *alma mater* in such prominent graduates as William Hooper, Francis Peabody, Jun., Lawrence Sexton, George Walton Green, Herbert Leeds, the Adams brothers, Amory Hodges, George Morrison, Evert Wendell, Wendell Baker, Henry Van Duzer, Arthur Cumnock, Joe Sears, Perry Trafford, and a host of others, whom I have not space to enumerate, to unite in an effort to bring about a definite stroke and systematized coaching? There is plenty of coaching material, if it can be harmonized; with Clifford Watson, Nelson Perkins, Harry Keyes, "Foxy" Bancroft, W. A. Brooks, Jun., Robert Perkins, J. J. Storrow, Jun., Francis Peabody, Jun., eight men representing Harvard's best rowing work, and every one of them, except Robert Perkins, living in and around Boston, yet only one, Nelson Perkins, bore the burden of the coaching this year. The trouble at Harvard is that Storrow, Watson, Bancroft, and the others value their individual rowing prejudices more highly than they do Harvard's welfare. No one of them will coach the crew unless his minutest peculiarities of stroke are adopted in toto—suggestions are not tolerated. It would be laughable, were it not pitiable.

IF THE HARVARD ALUMNI CAN BRING these old oarsmen together, and persuade them to sink personal differences, agree upon a stroke, establish a system of coaching (as has at last, after much bitter experience, been done in football), and take their turn in the *John Harvard* during the training of the crew, something substantial will be done towards Harvard's success on the water.

It is utterly futile to struggle on from year to year with no regular system, and not until one is established will Harvard put consistent crews on the Thames. That this year's crew rowed very badly is merely an incident, for they have all done the same since '91. This eight, however, was quite the worst of the lot, its most reprehensible feature being failure to row out the stroke. It was not only short, but, worse still, the greater part of the work was done aft the pin. Yale pulled in their best form, Harvard in their worst. Fennessy was the only man in the shell who rowed a good race from start to finish, and his work was certainly very fine. He ought to be next year's captain. The four stern men were better than the bow men, and next to Fennessy, Davis did the best work. In the bow each man was rowing a stroke of his own, and Purdon gave probably the worst exhibition ever seen in a 'varsity shell. Bullard swung out of the boat, and Lewis made no pretence of time. Townsend was weak, Stevenson fell over his oar; and Coxswain Day's steering placed him in Purdon's class. After running into the two-mile flag he wabbled all over the course, and lost the crew several lengths. If it is any solace to Harvard, it may truly be written that a more ragged crew will probably never wear the crimson on the Thames.

RECORD OF HARVARD-YALE BOAT-RACES UP TO DATE.

Date.	Place.	Oars.	Miles.	Winner.	Time. M. S.
1852.	Winnipiseogee.	6	3	Harvard.	....
1855.	Springfield, Mass.	6	3	Harvard.	22 00
1859.	Worcester, "	6	3	Harvard.	19.18
1860.	" "	6	3	Harvard.	18.50
1864, July 30.	" "	6	3	Yale.	19.01
1865, " 28.	" "	6	3	Yale.	*
1866, " 27.	" "	6	3	Harvard.	18.43¼
1867, " 19.	" "	6	3	Harvard.	18.12¾
1868, " 24.	" "	6	3	Harvard.	17.48½
1869, " 23.	" "	6	3	Harvard.	18.02
1870, " 23.	" "	6	3	Harvard.	†20.30
1876, June 30.	Springfield, "	8	4	Yale.	22.02
1877, " 30.	" "	8	4	Harvard.	24.30
1878, " 28.	New London, Ct.	8	4	Harvard.	20.44¾
1879, " 27.	" " "	8	4	Harvard.	22.14
1880, July 1.	" " "	8	4	Yale.	24.27
1881, " 1.	" " "	8	4	Yale.	22.13
1882, June 30.	" " "	8	4	Harvard.	20.47½
1883, " 28.	" " "	8	4	Harvard.	25.46½
1884, " 26.	" " "	8	4	Yale.	20.31
1885, " 26.	" " "	8	4	Harvard.	25.15½
1886, July 2.	" " "	8	4	Yale.	20.41¼
1887, " 1.	" " "	8	4	Yale.	22.56
1888, June 29.	" " "	8	4	Yale.	20.10
1889, " 29.	" " "	8	4	Yale.	21.30
1890, " 27.	" " "	8	4	Yale.	21.29
1891, " 26.	" " "	8	4	Harvard.	21.23
1892, July 1.	" " "	8	4	Yale.	20.48
1893, June 30.	" " "	8	4	Yale.	25 01½
1894, " 28.	" " "	8	4	Yale.	23.47

* Time of this race disputed.
† Race given to Harvard on a claim of foul, Yale's time being 18 m. 45 s.

THE FRESHMAN RACE WAS THE MORE INTERESTING, and furnished a good struggle for the distance between Yale and Columbia. Yale led at the half, and was never headed, though Columbia hung on very closely, and at the one and a half miles was nearly on even terms, but Yale's clean body-and-blade work and strong longer stroke carried them across the finish first by two lengths.

Harvard was never in the race, and finished the two miles about ten lengths behind Columbia. Average weight: Yale, 165½; Columbia, 156; Harvard, 160.

Date.	Winner.	Time. M. S.
1880, July 7	Harvard	11.32
1881, June 30	Harvard	....
1882, July 1	Columbia	10.56
1883, June 27	Harvard	11.03
1884, June 26	Columbia	9.43½
1885, June 25	Harvard	12.22
1886, July 1	Harvard	11.53
1887, June 30	Columbia	11.13
1888, June 28	Columbia	11.54
1889, June 27	Harvard	12.21
1890, June 27	Columbia	10.54
1891, June 24	Columbia	9.41
1892, July 1	Yale	12.03
1893, June 28	Yale	10.23
1894, June 27	Yale	11.15

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

"PRACTICAL LAWN-TENNIS."—BY JAMES DWIGHT, M.D.—ILLUSTRATED.—16MO, CLOTH, PRICE $1 25.—PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

CUTICURA for the HAIR

Luxuriant hair, with a clean, wholesome scalp, free from irritating and scaly eruptions, is produced by CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

Sold throughout the world. Price, 25c. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. "All about the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," free.

DID THIS EVER HAPPEN TO YOU?

It need never happen again—if you wear the **HARRIS GARTER**. The only garter that holds your stocking without tearing it or without annoying you. It's one of the famous

Harris Patents

Trade Mark.

To be had at the furnisher's, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Lisle 25c., Silk 50c., all colors. Send 10c. for book and receive a handsome Gold-plated Watch Fob with it, *free*.

WIRE BUCKLE SUSPENDER CO.,
(M. O. Dept.) Williamsport, Pa.

SUMMER VACATION TOURS.

The Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Co. now has on sale at all its offices east of the Ohio River a full line of tourist excursion tickets to all the lake, mountain, and seashore resorts in the Eastern and Northern States and in Canada. These tickets are valid for return journey until October 31. Before deciding upon your summer outing it would be well to consult the B. & O. Book of "Routes and Rates for Summer Tours." All B. & O. Ticket Agents at principal points have them, and they will be sent, postpaid, upon receipt of ten cents, by Chas. O. Scull, General Passenger Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.

ZOKA

A 4 x 5

MAGAZINE CAMERA

Carrying 12 Plates FOR

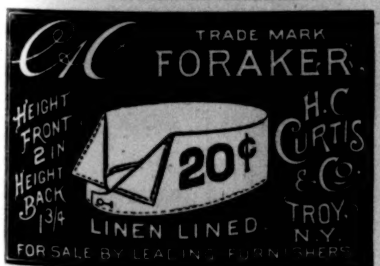
$10.

Leather Covered. Compact.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
591 Broadway,
NEW YORK.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

NOTICE NAME THUS *Stewart Hartshorn* ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE **HARTSHORN**



DENVER MORTGAGES. 6% to 10%. Only promising city with vast, rich tributary territory yet to develop. Great gold mining expansion. Safely made, far Western loans are, after all, the best investment. Low valuations rule now. Abundant references. Free circulars.
JOHN E. LEET, 1515 Tremont St., Denver, Colo.

This INK made by
J. HARPER BONNELL CO.

Comfort

with boots and shoes, harness, and all kinds of black leather comes from the use of

Vacuum Leather Oil.

25c. worth is a fair trial—and your money back if you want it—a swob with each can.

For pamphlet, free, "HOW TO TAKE CARE OF LEATHER," send to
VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, N. Y.

CURES HEADACHE IN 5 MINUTES **WRIGHT'S PARAGON HEADACHE REMEDY**

Wright's Paragon Headache Remedy never fails. Safe, Sure, Soothing to the nerves. Does not disturb the stomach, and induces sleep. Sample free.
WRIGHT & CO., Detroit, Mich.

Financial.

Letters of Credit. Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

TOURISTS IN EUROPE SHOULD TRAVEL from Liverpool to London by the Great Eastern Railway

CATHEDRAL ROUTE.

It includes the finest ENGLISH CATHEDRALS and ABBEYS, HOMES OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS, CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY, the TENNYSON and DICKENS' COUNTRY, etc.

READ "HOLIDAYS IN ENGLAND," 100 pages, illustrated, price 25 cents.

Direct Daily Service to CONTINENT OF EUROPE, *via* HARWICH and the HOOK OF HOLLAND and ANTWERP. Cheap Tours in Holland, Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland. Special cheap tickets to Antwerp Exhibition. Guides, pamphlets, etc., from H. J. Ketcham, 379 Broadway, New York City.

HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR 1893.

Hotel Brunswick

Exact Size.

Perfecto.

DOWNTOWN DEPOT SURBRUG, 159 FULTON ST. N.Y.

THE LEADING HAVANA CIGAR of the United States. Stands without a rival. Equal to any imported cigar. We prefer you should buy of your dealer. If he does not keep them, send $1.00 for sample box of ten. Send money by registered mail.

JACOB STAHL, Jr., & CO., Makers, 168th St. and 3d Ave., New York City.

Rae's Lucca Oil

The Perfection - - - - of Olive Oil.

Received the following awards at the COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

"For Purity, Sweetness, and Fine, Olive Flavor."

"For Excellence of the Product and Size of Manufacture."

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE BY S. Rae & Co.

Leghorn, Italy. Established 1836.

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY,

OF PHILADELPHIA,

In form of policy, prompt settlement of death losses, equitable dealing with policy-holders, in strength of organization, and in everything which contributes to the security and cheapness of Life Insurance, this Company is unexcelled.

In Buying Beverage for your Sick People and for Your Table, Buy the BOTTLE BEER of

ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Brewers of FINE BEER Exclusively.

Highest Premium at World's Fair, 1893, for Absolute Purity and Quality.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

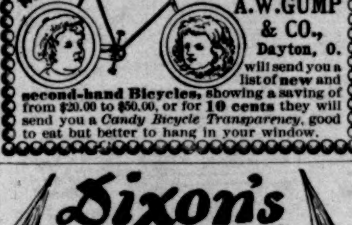
THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.

A DELICIOUS **REMEDY** FOR ALL FORMS OF **INDIGESTION.**

Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it cannot be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to

BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 19 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
CAUTION—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.
ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.

EAT BICYCLES



Without Charge.

A. W. GUMP & CO.,
Dayton, O.

will send you a list of new and second-hand Bicycles, showing a saving of from $20.00 to $50.00, or for 10 cents they will send you a *Candy Bicycle Transparency*, good to eat but better to hang in your window.

Dixon's

American Graphite Pencils

write the smoothest—last the longest. Ask your dealer for them or send 16 cents for samples worth double the money.

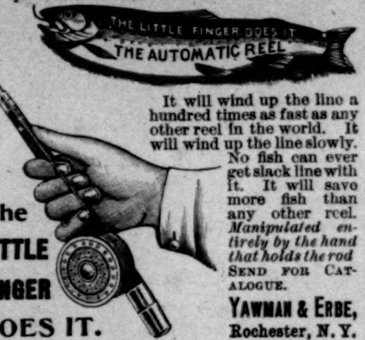
JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.,
Box D9. Jersey City, N. J.

$2.75 Buys our $9 Natural Finish Baby Carriage complete with plated steel wheels, axle, springs, and one piece steam bent handle. Made of best material, finely finished, reliable, and guaranteed for 3 years. Shipped on 10 days' trial. FREIGHT PAID; no money required in advance. 75,000 in use. We are the oldest and best known concern of our kind, reliable and responsible. Reference furnished at any time. Make and sell nothing but what we guarantee to be as represented, sold at the lowest factory prices. WRITE TO-DAY for our large FREE illustrated catalogue of latest designs and styles published.

OXFORD MFG. CO., 340 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

If You Want a **BICYCLE**

WRITE US AND SAVE $10 TO $50. SURE!
STOKES MFG. CO. CHICAGO, ILL



THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT
THE AUTOMATIC REEL

The LITTLE FINGER DOES IT.

It will wind up the line a hundred times as fast as any other reel in the world. It will wind up the line slowly. No fish can ever get slack line with it. It will save more fish than any other reel. *Manipulated entirely by the hand that holds the rod.* SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

YAWMAN & ERBE,
Rochester, N. Y.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S—O—H—M—E—R.

Drum in position

DEAFNESS

and HEAD NOISES relieved by using **Wilson's Common-Sense Ear Drums.** New scientific invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail, and where medical skill has given no relief. They are safe, comfortable, and invisible; have no wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet.

☞ *Mention this paper.*

WILSON EAR DRUM CO. Louisville Ky.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES **CATARRH** PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS

A Dose of **BROMO-SELTZER** ......
....

Taken before BREAKFAST

Acts as a BRACER and INVIGORATOR, preparing you MENTALLY and PHYSICALLY for the Day's Work.

HARPER & BROTHERS'

LIST OF NEW BOOKS

PERLYCROSS. A Novel. By R. D. BLACKMORE, Author of "Lorna Doone," "Springhaven," etc. 12mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 75. (*Third Edition now ready.*)

CARLOTTA'S INTENDED, AND OTHER STORIES. By RUTH MCENERY STUART, Author of "A Golden Wedding," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

OUR HOME PETS: How to Keep Them Well and Happy. By OLIVE THORNE MILLER. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

THE POTTER'S THUMB. A Novel. By FLORA ANNIE STEEL. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

A PRODIGAL IN LOVE. A Novel. By EMMA WOLF, Author of "Other Things Being Equal." Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

THEATRICALS. Two Comedies: "Tenants"—"Disengaged. By HENRY JAMES, Author of "Essays in London and Elsewhere," "Daisy Miller," etc. Post 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges, $1 75.

LITERARY AND SOCIAL SILHOUETTES. By HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN. With Portrait. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00. "Harper's American Essayists.")

AN INTERLOPER. A Novel. By FRANCES MARY PEARD, Author of "Catherine," "The Swing of the Pendulum," etc. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

A TRAVELER FROM ALTRURIA. Romance. By W. D. HOWELLS, Author of "The Coast of Bohemia," "The World of Chance," etc. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50.

PASTIME STORIES. By THOMAS NELSON PAGE. Illustrated by A. B. FROST. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

FROM THE EASY CHAIR. By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. Third Series. With Portrait. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00. ("Harper's American Essayists.")

THE EXILES, AND OTHER STORIES. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Author of "Van Bibber, and Others," "Our English Cousins," etc. With Portrait and Illustrations. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

PEMBROKE. A Novel. By MARY E. WILKINS, Author of "Jane Field," "A Humble Romance," "A New England Nun," etc. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

CADET DAYS. A Story of West Point. By Captain CHARLES KING, Author of "A War-Time Wooing," "Between the Lines," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

WITH EDGED TOOLS. A Novel. By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN, Author of "From One Generation to Another," etc. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

ORATIONS AND ADDRESSES OF GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. Edited by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. Three Volumes. With Photogravure Portrait. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $3 50 per vol.

HARPER'S BLACK AND WHITE SERIES. Recent Issues: "Three Weeks in Politics." By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.—"Five O'Clock Tea." Farce. By W. D. HOWELLS. "The Mouse-Trap." Farce. By W. D. HOWELLS. Illustrated. 32mo, Cloth, 50 cents each.

OUR ENGLISH COUSINS. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Author of "The Rulers of the Mediterranean," "The West from a Car-Window," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of price. HARPER'S CATALOGUE *will be sent to any address on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*